



To the Right Honourable

# EARL COWPER.

*My L O R D,*

**M**Y Obligations to Your Lordship are so great and singular, so much exceeding all Acknowledgment, and yet so highly demanding all that I can ever make, that Nothing has been a greater Uneasiness to me than to think that I have not publickly own'd them sooner. The Honour of having been admitted to your Lordship's Acquaintance and Conversation, and the Pleasure I have sometimes had of sharing in your private Hours and Retirement from the Town, were a Happiness sufficient of it self to require from me the utmost Returns of Gratitude. But your Lordship was soon pleas'd to add to this,

## DEDICATION.

your generous Care of providing for One who had given you no Sollicitation ; and before I cou'd ask, or even expected it, to honour me with an Employment which, tho' valuable on other Accounts, became most so to me by the single Circumstance of its placing me near your Lordship. But I am not to bound my Acknowledgments here : When your Lordship withdrew from Publick Busines, your Care of me did not cease, 'till you had recommended me to your Successor, the present Lord Chancellor. So that my having since had the Felicity to be continued in the same Employment under a Patron to whom I have many Obligations, and who has particularly shewn a Pleasure in encouraging the Lovers of Learning and Arts, is an additional Obligation, for which I am originally indebted to your Lordship.

And yet I have said Nothing as I ought of your Lordship's Favours, unless I cou'd describe a Thousand agreeable Circumstances which attend and heighten them. To Give is an Act of Power common to the Great, but to double any Gift by the Manner of bestowing it, is an Art known only to the most elegant Minds, and a Pleasure tasted by none but Persons of the most refin'd Humanity.

As for the Tragedy I now humbly dedicate to your Lordship, Part of it was written in  
the



## DEDICATION.

the Neighbourhood of your Lordship's pleasant Seat in the Country ; where it had the good Fortune to grow up under your early Approbation and Encouragement ; and I persuade my self it will now be receiv'd by your Lordship with that Indulgence, the Exercise of which is natural to you, and is not the least of those distinguishing Virtues by which you have gain'd an unsought Popularity, and without either Study or Design have made your self one of the most beloved Persons of the Age in which you live. Here, my Lord, I have a large Subject before me, if I were capable of pursuing it, and if I were not acquainted with your Lordship's particular Delicacy, by which you are not more careful to deserve the greatest Praises than you are nice in receiving even the least. I shall therefore only presume to add, that I am with greatest Zeal,

*My L O R D,*

*Your Lordship's most Oblig'd,*

*Most Dutiful and*

*Devoted Humble Servant,*

Febr. 6. 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

JOHN HUGHES.



## To the Memory of Mr. H U G H E S.

O Lost too Early ! and too Lately known !  
My Love's intended Marks receive in one ;  
Where new to Ease, and recent from thy Pains,  
With ampler Joy thou tread'st the blissful Plains :  
If there regardful of the Ways of Men,  
Thou seest with Pity, what thou once hast been,  
O gentle Shade ! accept this bumble Verse,  
Amidst the meaner Honours of thy Herse.  
How does thy Phocyas warm Britannia's Youth !  
In Arms to Glory, and in Love to Truth !  
O ! if the Muse of Future ought prejage,  
These Seeds shall ripen in the coming Age ;  
Then Youths renoun'd for many a Field well fough't,  
Shall own the glorious Lessons thou hast taught ;  
Honour's strict Laws shall reign in every Mind,  
And every Phocyas his Eudoeia find.  
O ! yet be this the lowest of thy Fame,  
To form the Hero, and instruct the Dame ;  
I see the Christian Friend, Relation, Son,  
Burn for the glorious Course that thou hast run.  
If ought we owe thy Pencil, or thy Lyre,  
Of manly Strokes, or of superior Fire,  
How must thy Muse be ever own'd Divine,  
And in the sacred Lift unrival'd shine !  
Not joyous Health was thine, nor downy Ease,  
To thee forbidden was the soft Recluse ;  
Worn with Disease, and never-ceasing Pain,  
How firmly did thy Soul her Seat maintain !  
Early thy Side the mortal Shaft receiv'd :  
All, but the wounded Hero, saw and griev'd :  
No Sense of Smart, no Anguish cou'd controul,  
Or turn the generous Purpose of his Soul.

Witnes/s

Witness ye nobler Arts, by Heav'n design'd  
To charm the Senses, and improve the Mind;  
How thro' your Mazes, with incessant Toil,  
He urg'd his way to reap th' Immortal Spoil!  
So Fabled Orpheus run'd his potent Song,  
Death's circling Shades and Stygian Gloom斯 among.

Of thy great Labours this the last and chief,  
At once demands our Wonder, and our Grief;  
Thy Soul in clouded Majesty 'till now,  
Its finish'd Beauties did but partly shew,  
Wond'ring we saw disclos'd the ample Store,  
Griev'd in that Instant, to expect no more.

So in the Evening of some doubtful Day,  
And Clouds divided with a mingled Ray,  
Happily the golden Sun unveils his Light,  
And his whole Glories spreads at once to Sight;  
Th' enliven'd World look up, with gladsome Cheer,  
Bless the gay Scene, nor heed the Night too near;  
Sudden, the lucent Orb drops swiftly down  
Thro' Western Shades, to shine in Worlds unknown.

March, 28. 1720.

William Cowper.



# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

*OF* FT has the Muse here try'd her Magick Arts,  
To raise your Fancies, and engage your Hearts.  
When o'er this little Spot she shakes her Wand,  
Towns, Cities, Nations, rise at her Command;  
And Armies march obedient to her Call,  
New States are form'd, and ancient Empires fall.  
To vary your Instruction and Delight,  
Past Ages roll renew'd before your Sight.  
His awful Form the Greek and Roman wears,  
Wak'd from his Slumber of Two Thousand Years:  
And Man's whole Race, restor'd to Joy and Pain,  
Act all their little Greatness o'er again.

No common Woes To night we set to View;  
Important is the Time, the Story new.  
Our opening Scenes shall to your Sight disclose  
How Spiritual Dragooning first arose;  
Claims drawn from Heav'n by a Barbarian Lord,  
And Faith first propagated by the Sword.

## PROLOGUE.

In rocky Araby this Pest began,  
And swiftly o'er the Neighbour Country ran :  
By Faction weaken'd, and Disunion broke,  
Degenerate Provinces admit the Yoke.  
Nor stopp'd their Progress, till resistless grown,  
Th' Enthusiasts made all Asia's World their own.

Britain's be warn'd ; let ev'n your Pleasures here  
Convey some Moral to th' attentive Ear.  
Beware lest Blessings long possest displease ;  
Nor grow supine with Liberty and Ease.  
Your Country's Glory be your constant Aim,  
Her safety all is yours ; think yours her Fame.  
Unite at home ——— forgo intestine Jars,  
Then scorn the Rumours of Religious Wars ;  
Speak loud in Thunder from your guarded Shores,  
And tell the Continent, the Sea is Yours.  
Speak on, ——— and say, by War you'll Peace maintain,  
Till brightest Years, reserv'd for GEORGE's Reign,  
Advance, and shine in their appointed Round ;  
Arts then shall flourish, plenteous Joys abound,  
And, clear'd by him, each Loyal Muse shall sing  
The happiest Island, and the greatest KING.

A 5

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

C H R I S T I A N S.

*Eumenes*, Governor of *Damascus*. Mr. Wilks.  
*Eudocia*, his Daughter. Mrs. Porter.  
*Herbis*, his Friend, One of the  
Chiefs of the City. } Mr. Williams.  
*Phocyas*, a Noble and Valiant *Syri-*  
*an*, privately in Love with *Eudo-* } Mr. Booth.  
*cia*.  
*Artamon*, an Officer of the Guards. Mr. Will. Mills.  
*Sergius*, an Express from the Emperor *Heraclitus*.  
Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, and Attendants.

S A R A C E N S.

*Caled*, General of the *Saracen Army*. Mr. Mills.  
*Abudab*, the next in Command under } Mr. Thurmond.  
*Caled*.  
*Daran*, a wild *Arabian*, professing Ma- } Mr. Walker.  
hometanism for the sake of the Spoil.  
*Serjabil*, } Saracen Captains.  
*Raphan*, &c. } Officers, Soldiers, Attendants.

S C E N E, *the City of DAMASCUS*  
*in Syria, and the Saracen Camp before it.*  
*And in the last Act a Valley adjacent.*



T H E



# THE SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

---

## ACT I. SCENE I.

### SCENE *The City.*

Enter Eumenes, follow'd by a Crowd of People.

E U M E N E S .

I'LL hear no more. Be gone !  
Or stop your clamorous Mouths, that still are open  
To bawl Sedition, and consume our Corn.  
If you will follow me, send home your Women,  
And follow to the Walls ; there earn your Safety,  
As brave Men shou'd—Pity your Wives and Children ?  
Yes, I do pity them, Heav'n knows I do,  
Ev'n more than You ; nor will I yield 'em up,  
Tho' at your own Request, a Prey to Russians—  
Herbis, what News ?

Enter Herbis.

Herb. News ?—We're betray'd, deserted ;  
The Works are but half mann'd ; the Saracens.

Perceive

12 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Perceive it, and pour on such Crouds, they blunt  
Our Weapons, and have drain'd our Stores of Death,  
What will you next?

Eum. I've sent a fresh Recruit?  
The valiant Phocyas leads 'em on—whose Deeds  
In early Youth assert his noble Race;  
A more than common Ardor seems to warm  
His Breast, as if he lov'd and courted Danger.

Herb. I fear 'twill be too late.

Eum. [Aside.] I fear it too:  
And tho' I brav'd it to the trembling Crowd,  
I've caught th' Infection, and I dread th' Event.  
Wou'd I had treated—but 'tis now too late.—

Come, Herbis.

[Exeunt.

[A Noise is heard without, of Officers giving Orders.  
1 Off. Help there, more Help! All to the Eastern Gate!  
2 Off. Look where they cling aloft like cluster'd Bees!  
Here, Archers, ply your Bows.

1 Off. Down with the Ladders;  
What, will you let them mount?  
2 Off. Aloft there! give the signal, you that wait  
In St. Mark's Tower.

1 Off. Is the Town asleep?  
Ring out the alarm Bell!  
[Bell rings, and the Citizens run to and fro in Confusion.  
A great Shout. Enter Herbis.

Herb. So—the Tide turns; Phocyas, has driv'n it back.  
The Gate once more is ours.

Enter Eumenes, Phocyas, Artamon, &c.  
Eum. Brave Phocyas, Thanks! mine and the People's Thanks! [People shout, and cry, A Phocyas, &c.  
Yet, that we may not lose this breathing Space,  
Hang out the Flag of Truce. You, Artamon,  
Haste with a Trumpet to th' Arabian Chiefs,  
And let them know, that, Hostages exchang'd,  
I'd meet them now upon the Eastern Plain.

[Exit Artamon.

Pho. What means Eumenes?

THEM.



Eum. Phoeyas, I wou'd try  
By friendly Treaty, if on Terms of Peace  
They'll yet withdraw their Powers.

Pho. On Terms of Peace ?  
What Peace can you expect from Bands of Robbers ?  
What Terms from Slaves, but Slavery ? — You know,  
These Wretches fight not at the Call of Honour ;  
For injur'd Rights, or Birth, or jealous Greatness,  
That sets the Princes of the World in Arms.  
Bale-born, and starv'd amidst their stony Desarts,  
Long have they view'd from far, with wishing Eyes,  
Our fruitful Vales ; our Fig-Trees, Olives, Vines,  
Our Cedars, Palms, and all the verdant Wealth  
That crown's fair Lebanon's aspiring Brows.  
Here have the Locusts pitch'd, nor will they leave  
These tasted Sweets, these blooming Fields of Plenty,  
For barren Sands, and native Poverty,  
Till driv'n away by Force.

Eum. What can we do ?  
Our People in Despair, our Soldiers harass'd  
With daily Toil, and constant nightly Watch ;  
Our Hope of Succours from the Emperor  
Uncertain ; Eutyches not yet return'd,  
That went to ask them ; one brave Army beaten ;  
Th' Arabians numerous, cruel, flush'd with Conquest.

Herb. Besides, you know what Frenzy fires their  
Minds  
Of their new Faith, and drives 'em on to Danger.

Eum. True ; — they pretend the Gates of Paradise  
Stand ever open to receive the Souls  
Of All that die in fighting for their Cause.

Pho. Then wou'd I send their Souls to Paradise,  
And give their Bodies to our Syrian Eagles.  
Our Ebb of Fortune is not yet so low  
To leave us desperate. Aids may soon arrive ;  
Mean time, in Spight of their late bold Attack,  
The City still is ours ; their Force repell'd,  
And therefore weaker ; proud of this Success,  
Our Soldiers too have gain'd redoubled Courage,  
And long to meet them on the open Plain.

What

What hinders then but we repay this Outrage,  
And sally on their Camp ?

*Eum.* No——let us first  
Believe th' Occasion fair, by this Advantage,  
To purchase their Retreat on easy Terms :  
That failing, we the better stand acquitted  
To our own Citizens. Howe'er, brave Phocyas,  
Cherish this Ardor in the Soldiery,  
And in our Absence form what Force thou canst.  
Then, if these hungry Blood-Hounds of the War  
Shou'd still be deaf to Peace, at our Return,  
Our widen'd Gates shall pour a sudden Flood  
Of Vengeance on them, and chastise their Scorn. [Exeunt.

S C E N E changes to a Plain before the City.  
*A Prospect of Tents at a Distance.*

Caled, Abudah, Daran.

*Dar.* To treat, my Chiefs ?—What ! are we Mer-  
chants then,

That only come to traffick with these Syrians,  
And poorly cheapen Conquest on Conditions ?  
No ; we were sent to fight the Caliph's Battles,  
'Till ev'ry Iron Neck bend to Obedience.

Another Storm makes this proud City ours ;  
What need to treat ?—I am for War and Plunder.

*Cal.* Why so am I—and but to save the Lives  
Of Mussulmans, not Christians, wou'd not treat.  
I hate these Christian Dogs ; and 'tis our Task,  
As thou observ'st, to fight ; our Law enjoyns it.  
Heav'n too is promis'd only to the Valiant,  
Our Prophet us'd to say, the happy Plains  
Above, lye stretch'd beneath the Blaze of Swords.

*Abu.* Yet Daran's loth to trust that Heav'n for Pay :  
This Earth, it seems, has Gifts that please him more.

*Cal.* Check not his Zeal, *Abudah.*

*Abu.* No ; I praise it.  
Yet I cou'd wish that Zeal had better Motives.  
Has Victory no Fruits but Blood and Plunder ?  
That we were sent to fight, 'tis true ; but wherefore ?

For

For Conquest, not Destruction. That obtain'd a soul  
The more we spare, the Caliph has more Subjects,  
And Heav'n is better serv'd.—But see, they come.

Enter Eumenes, Herbis, Artamon.

Cal. Well, Christians, we are met—and War awhile,  
At your Request, has still'd its angry Voice,  
To hear what you'll propose.

Eum. We come to know,  
After so many Troops you've lost in vain,  
If you'll draw off in Peace, and save the rest.

Herb. Or rather to know first--for yet we know not—  
Why on your Heads you call our pointed Arrows,  
In our own just Defence ? What means this Visit ?  
And why we see so many thousand Tents  
Rise in the Air, and whiten all our Fields ?

Cal. Is that a Question now?—you had our Summons,  
When first we march'd against you, to surrender.  
Two Moons have wasted since, and now the third  
Is in its Wane. 'Tis true, drawn off a while,  
At Aiznadin we met and fought the Powers  
Sent by your Emperor to raise our Siege.  
Vainly you thought us gone ; we gain'd a Conquest.  
You see we are return'd ; our Hearts, our Cause,  
Our Swords the same.

Herb. But why those Swords were drawn,  
And what's that Cause, inform us?

Eum. Speak your Wrongs,  
If Wrongs you have receiv'd, and by what Means  
They may be now repair'd?

Abu. Then, Christians, hear !  
And Heav'n inspire you to embrace its Truth !  
Not wrongs t'avenge, but to establish Right  
Our Swords were drawn : For such is Heav'n's Com-  
mand

Immutable: By us great Mabomet,  
And his Successor, holy Abubeker,  
Invite you to the Faith.

Artam. [Aside.] So——then it seems  
There's no Harm meant; we're only to be beaten

Into

Into a new Religion. — If that's all,  
I find I am already half a Convert.

*Ezm.* Now in the Name of Heav'n, what Faith is this  
That stalks Gigantick forth thus arm'd with Terrors,  
As if it meant to ruin, not to save?

That leads embattel'd Legions to the Field,  
And marks its Progress out with Blood and Slaughter?

*Herb.* Bold frontless Men! that impudently dare  
To blend Religion with the worst of Crimes!  
And sacrilegiously have stoln that Name,  
To cover Frauds, and justify Oppression!

*Ezm.* Where are your Priests? What Doctors of your  
Law

Have you e'er sent, t'instruct us in its Precepts?  
To solve our Doubts, and satisfie our Reason,  
And kindly lead us thro' the Wilds of Error  
To these new Tracks of Truth? — This wou'd be  
Friendship,

And well might claim our Thanks.

*Cal.* Friendship like this  
With Scorn had been receiv'd; your numerous Vices,  
Your clashing Sects, your mutual Rage and Strife  
Have driv'n Religion, and her Angel-Guards,  
Like Out-casts from among you. In her stead  
Usurping Superstition bears the Sway,  
And reigns in mimick State, 'midst Idol Shews,  
And Pageantry of Pow'r. Who does not mark  
Your Lives? Rebellious to Heav'n's gentler Precepts  
That mildly taught you—therefore Mahomet  
Has brought the Sword to govern you by Force,  
Nor will accept Obedience so precarious.

*Ezm.* O solemn Truths! tho' from an impious  
Tongue! [Aside.]

That we're unworthy of our holy Faith,  
To Heav'n with Grief and conscious Shame we own.  
But what are you, that thus arraign our Vices,  
And consecrate your own? Vile Hypocrites!  
Are you not Sons of Rapine, Foes to Peace,  
Base Robbers, Murderers.

*Cal.* Christian, No —

*Ezm.*

Eum. Then say

Why have you ravag'd all our peaceful Borders?  
Plunder'd our Towns? and by what Claim ev'n now  
You tread this Ground?

Herb. What Claim, but that of Hunger?  
The Claim of ravenous Wolves, that leave their Dens  
To prowl at Midnight round some sleeping Village,  
Or watch the Shepherd's folded Flock for Prey?

Cal. Blasphemers, know, your Fields and Towns  
are ours.

Our Prophet has bestow'd 'em on the Faithful,  
And Heav'n has ratify'd the Grant above.

Eum. Oh! now indeed you boast a noble Title!  
What cou'd your Prophet grant? a Hircling Slave?  
Not ev'n the Mules and Camels which he drove  
Were his to give; and yet the bold Impostor  
Has canton'd out the Kingdoms of the Earth,  
In frantick Fits of visionary Power.

To sooth his Pride, and brabe his Fellow-Madmen!

Cal. Was it for this you sent to ask a Parley,  
T' affront our Faith, and to traduce our Prophet?  
Well might we answer you with quick Revenge  
For such Indignities.—Yet here once more,  
Hear this our last Demand; and this accepted  
We yet withdraw our War. Be Christians still,  
But swear to live with Us in firm Alliance,  
To yield us Aids, and pay us annual Tribute.

Eum. No;—Should we grant you Aid, we must be

Rebels;

And Tribute is the slavish Badge of Conquest.  
Yet since, on just and honourable Terms,  
We ask but for our own,—Ten filkes Vests,  
Weighty with Pearl and Gemms, we'll send your Caliph;  
Two, Caled, shall be thine; two thine, Abdah.  
To each inferior Captain we decree  
A Turbant spun from our Damascus' Flax  
White as the Snows of Heav'n; to every Soldier  
A Scimitar. This, and of solid Gold  
Ten Ingots, be the Price to buy your Absence.

Cal. This, and much more, ev'n all your shining  
Wealth,

Will

## 18 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Will soon be ours ; Look round your Syrian Frontiers !  
See, in how many Towns our hoisted Flags  
Are waving in the Wind ; Sachna, and Hawran,  
Proud Tadmor, Aracab, and stubborn Bosra  
Have bow'd beneath the Yoke ; — Behold our March  
O'er half your Land, like Flame thro' Fields of Harvest.  
And last view Aizandin, that Vale of Blood !  
There seek the Souls of forty thousand Greeks  
That, fresh from Life, yet hover o'er their Bodies.  
Then think, and then resolve.

*Herb.* Presumptuous Men ! What tho' you yet can boast successful Guilt,  
Is Conquest only yours ? Or dare you hope  
That you shall still pour on the swelling Tide,  
Like some proud River that has left its Bank,  
No ever know Repulse ?

*Eum.* Have you forgot ? Not twice seven Years are past since ev'n your Prophet,  
Bold as he was, and boasting Aid Divine,  
Was by the Tribe of Corash, forc'd to fly,  
Poorly to fly, to save his wretched Life,  
From Mecca to Medina ?

*Abu.* No, I forgot ? We well remember how Medina skreen'd  
T hat holy Head, preserv'd for better Days,  
And ripening Years of Glory !

*Dar.* Why, my Chiefs,  
Will you waste Time, in offering Terms despis'd  
To these Idolaters ? — Words are but Air,  
Blows wou'd plead better.

*Car.* Daran, thou say'st true.  
Christians, here end our Truce. Behold once more  
The Sword of Heav'n is drawn ! Nor shall be shea  
But in the Bowels of Damascus.

*Eum.* That, Of speedy Vengeance, and Destruction due  
To the proud Menacers, as Heav'n sees fit !

[Exeunt severally.

S C E N E

S C E N E Changes to a Garden.

Eudocia.

All's hush'd around—No more the Shouts of Soldiers  
And Clash of Arms tumultuous fill the Air.  
Methinks this Interval of Terror seems  
Like that when the loud Thunder juft has roll'd  
O'er our affrighted Heads, and in the Heav'ns  
A momentary Silence but prepares  
A second and a louder Clap to follow.

Enter Phocyas.

O no——my Heroe comes, with better Omens,  
And every gloomy Thought is now no more.

Pbo. Where is the Treasure of my Soul ?---Eudocia,  
Behold me here impatient, like the Miser  
That often steals in secret to his Gold,  
And counts with trembling Joy, and jealous Transport,  
The shining Heaps which he still fears to lose.

Eud. Welcome, thou brave, thou best deserving Lover!  
How do I doubly share the common Safety,  
Since 'tis a Debt to thee !—but tell me, Phocyas,  
Dost thou bring Peace ?---thou dost, and I am happy !

Pbo. Not yet, Eudocia ; 'tis decreed by Heav'n  
I must do more to merit thy Esteem.  
Peace, like a frightened Dove, has wing'd her Flight  
To distant Hills, beyond these Hostile Tents ;  
And thro' em we must thither force our Way,  
If we wou'd call the lovely Wanderer back  
To her forsaken Home.

Eud. False flattering Hope !  
Vanish'd so soon ! — alas, my Faithful Fears  
Return, and tell me We must still be wretched !

Pbo. Not so, my Fair ; if thou but gently smile,  
Inspiring Valour, and presaging Conquest,  
These barbarous Foes to Peace and Love shall soon  
Be chas'd, like Fiends before the Morning Light  
And all be calm again.

Eud. Is the Truce ended ?  
Must War, alas, renew its bloody Rage ?  
And Phocyas ever be expos'd to Danger ?

Pbo.

*Pbo.* Think for whose sake Danger itself has Charms,  
Dismiss thy Fears ; the lucky Hour comes on,  
Full fraught with Joys, when my big Soul no more  
Shall labour with this Secret of my Passion,  
To hide it from thy jealous Father's Eyes.

Just now, by Signals from the Plain, I've learn'd  
That the proud Foe refuse us Terms of Honour ;  
**A Sally** is resolv'd ; the Citizens  
And Soldiers, kindled into sudden Fury,  
Press all in Couds, and beg I'll lead 'em on.  
O my *Eudocia* ! if I now succeed ——————  
Did I say if — I must, I will ; the Cause  
Is Love, 'tis Liberty, it is *Eudocia* ! ——————  
What then shall hinder, since our mutual Faith  
Is pledg'd, and thou consenting to my Blis,  
But I may boldly ask thee of *Eumenes*,  
Nor fear a Rival's more prevailing Claim ?

*Eud.* May Blessings still attend thy Arms ! — Methinks  
I've caught the Flame of thy Heroick Ardor !  
And now I see thee crown'd with Palm and Olive ;  
The Soldiers bring thee back with Songs of Triumph  
And loud applauding Shouts ; thy rescu'd Country  
Refounds thy Praise ; our Emperor *Heraclius*,  
Decrees thee Honours for a City sav'd,  
And Pillars rise of Monumental Brats  
Inscrib'd —————— *To PHOCYAS the DELIVERER.*

*Pbo.* The Honours and Rewards which thou hast  
nam'd

Are Bribes too little for my vast Ambition.  
My Soul is full of thee ! — Thou art my All  
Of Fame, of Triumph, and of future Fortune.  
'Twast Love of thee first sent me forth in Arms,  
My Service all is thine, to thee devoted,  
And thou alone canst make ev'n Conquest pleasing.

*Eud.* O do not wrong thy Merit, nor restrain it  
To narrow Bounds ; but know, I best am pleas'd  
To share thee with thy Country. O my *Phocyas* !  
With conscious Blushes oft I've heard thy Vows,  
And strove to hide, yet more reveal'd my Heart ;

But

But 'tis thy Virtue justifies my Choice,  
And what at first was Weakness, now is Glory.

*Pho.* Forgive me, thou fair Pattern of all Goodness  
If in the Transport of unbounded Passion,  
I still am lost to ev'ry Thought but thee.  
Yet sure to love thee thus is ev'ry Virtue ;  
Nor need I more Perfection.—Hark ! I'm call'd.

[Trumpet sounds.]

*Eud.* Then go——and Heav'n with all its Angels  
guard thee.

*Pho.* Farewel !—for thee once more I draw the  
Sword.  
Now to the Field, to gain the glorious Prize ;  
'Tis Victory——the World ; *Eudocia's Eyes* !

[Exeunt.]

---

## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Governor's Palace.*

*Eumenes, Herbis.*

HERBIS.

*S*TILL I must say 'twas wrong, 'twas wrong, *Eu-*  
*mene*s,  
And mark th' Event !

*Eum.* What cou'd I less ? You saw  
'Twas vain t' oppose it, whilst his eager Valour,  
Impatient of Restraint——

*Herb.* His eager Valour ?  
His Rashness, his hot Youth, his Valour's Fever !

MUST

Must we, whose Busines is to keep our Walls,  
 And manage warmly our little Strength,  
 Must we at once lavish away our Blood,  
 Because his Pulse beats high, and his mad Courage  
 Wants to be breath'd in some new Enterprize? —  
 You shou'd not have consented.

*Eum.* You forget,  
 'Twas not my Voice alone ; you saw, the People  
 (And sure such hidden Instincts are from Heav'n !)  
 Rose all at once to follow him, as if  
 One Soul inspir'd 'em, and that Soul were *Phocyas*.

*Herb.* I had indeed forgot ; and ask your Pardon.  
 I took you for *Eumenes*, and I thought  
 That in *Damascus* you had chief Command.

*Eum.* What dost thou mean ?

*Herb.* Nay, who's forgetful now ?  
 You say, the People — Yes, that very People,  
 That Coward Tribe that press'd you to surrender !  
 Well may they spurn at lost Authority ;  
 Whom they like better, better they'll obey,

*Eum.* O I cou'd curse the giddy changeful Slaves,  
 But that the Thought of this Hour's great Event  
 Possesses all my Soul. — If we are beaten ! —

*Herb.* The Poison works ; 'tis well—I'll give him  
 more. [Aside.]

True, if we're beaten, who shall answer that ?  
 Shall you, or I ? — Are you the Governor ? —  
 Or say we conquer, whose is then the Praise ?

*Eum.* I know thy friendly Fears ; that thou and I  
 Must stoop beneath a beardless rising Heroe ;  
 And in *Heraclius'* Court it shall be said,  
*Damascus*, nay perhaps the Empire too,  
 Ow'd its Deliverance to a Boy. — Why, be it,  
 So that he now return with Victory ;  
 'Tis Honour greatly won, and let him wear it.  
 Yet I cou'd wish I needed less his Service.  
 Were *Eutyches* return'd —

*Herb.* [Aside.] That, that's my Torture.  
 I sent my Son to the Emperor's Court, in Hopes  
 His Merit at this time might raise his Fortunes ;

But

But *Phocyas*—Curse upon his forward Virtues! —  
Is reaping all this Field of Fame alone,  
Or leaves him scarce the Gleanings of a Harvest.

*Eum.* See, *Artamon* with hasty Strides returning;  
He comes alone! — O Friend, thy Fears were just.  
What are we now, and what is lost *Damascus*?

Enter *Artamon*.

*Art.* Joy to *Eumenes*!

*Eum.* Joy? — is't possible?  
Dost thou bring News of Victory?

*Art.* The Sun

Is set in Blood, and from the Western Skies  
Has seen three thousand slaughter'd *Arabs* fall!

*Herb.* Is *Phocyas* safe?

*Art.* He is, and crown'd with Triumph.

*Herb.* [Aside.] My Fears indeed were just.

[Shout, *A Phocyas, a Phocyas.*]

*Eum.* What Noise is that?

*Herb.* The People worshipping their new Divinity.  
Shortly they'll build him Temples.

*Eum.* Tell us, Soldier,  
Since thou hast shar'd the Glory of this Action,  
Tell us how it began.

*Art.* At first the Foe  
Seem'd much surpriz'd; but taking soon th' Alarm  
Gather'd some hasty Troops, and march'd to meet us.  
The Captain of the Bands look'd wild and fierce,  
His Head unarm'd, as if in Scorn of Danger,  
And naked to the Waste; as he drew near  
He rais'd his Arm, and shook a pon'd'rous Lance;  
When all at once, as at a Signal giv'n,  
We heard the T E C B I R, so these *Arabs* call  
Their shouts of Onset, when with loud Appeal  
They challenge Heav'n, as if demanding Conquest  
The Battle join'd, and thro' the barbarous Host  
*Fight, Fight, and Paradise* was all the Cry.  
At last our Leaders met; and gallant *Phocyas* —  
But what are Words to tell the mighty Wonders  
We saw him then perform? — their Chief unhors'd,  
*The Saracens* soon broke their Ranks, and fled;

And

And had not a thick Evening Fog arose  
 (Which sure the Devil rais'd up to save his Friends !)  
 The Slaughter had been double—But, behold !  
 The Heroe comes.

*Enter Phocyas. Eumenes meeting him.*

*Eum.* Joy to brave *Phocyas* !  
*Eumenes* gives him back the Joy he sent.  
 The welcome News has reach'd this Place before thee,  
 How shall thy Country pay the Debt she owes thee ?

*Pbo.* By taking this as earnest of a Debt  
 Which I owe her, and fain wou'd better pay.

*Herb.* In spight of Envy, I must praise him too.

[*Afde.*]

*Phocyas,* thou has done bravely, and 'tis fit  
 Successful Virtue take a time to rest.  
 Fortune is fickle, and may change ; besides,  
 What shall we gain, if from a mighty Ocean  
 By Sluices we draw off some little Streams ?  
 If thousands fall, ten thousands more remain,  
 Nor ought we hazard Worth so great as thine  
 Against such Odds ; suffice what's done already :  
 And let us now, in hope of better Days,  
 Keep wary Watch, and wait th' expected Succours.

*Pbo.* What ! — to be coop'd whole Months with-  
 in our Walls ?  
 To rust at home, and sicken with Inaction :  
 The courage of our Men will droop and die,  
 If not kept up by daily Exercise.  
 Again the beaten Foe may force our Gates ;  
 And Victory, if slighted thus, take Wing,  
 And fly where she may find a better Welcome.

*Art.* [*Afde.*] It must be so—he hates him ! on my  
 Soul,

This *Herbis* is a foul old envious Knave.

Methinks *Eumenes* too might better thank him.

*Eum.* (*to Herbis, Afde.*) Urge him no more ;—  
 I'll think of thy late Warning,  
 And thou shalt see I'll yet be Governor.

*A*

The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 25

*A Letter brought in.*

*Phocyas [looking on it.]* 'Tis to Eumenes.

*Eum.* Ha! from Eutyches.

*Reads.]* 'The Emperor, awaken'd with the Danger  
'That threatens his Dominions, and the Loss  
'At Aizadin, has drain'd his Garrisons  
'To raise a second Army. In few Hours  
'We shall begin our March. Sergius brings this,  
'And will inform you further —————  
'Herb. [Aside.] Heay'n, I thank thee!

'Tis ev'n beyond my Hopes.

*Eum.* But where is Sergius?

*Messenger.* The Letter, fasten'd to an Arrow's Head,  
Was shot into the Town.

*Eum.* I fear he's taken. —————

O Phocyas, Herbis, Artamon! my Friends!  
You all are Sharers in this News; the Storm  
Is blowing o'er, that hung like Night upon us,  
And threaten'd deadly Ruin——Haste, proclaim  
The welcome Tidings loud thro' all the City.  
Let sparkling Lights be seen from ev'ry Turret  
To tell our Joy, and spread their Blaze to Heav'n!  
Prepare for Feasts; Danger shall wait at Distance,  
And Fear be now no more. The jolly Soldier  
And Citizen shall meet o'er their full Bowls,  
Forget their Toils, and laugh their Cares away,  
And Mirth and Triumphs close this happy Day.

[*Exeunt* Herb. and Art.

*Pho.* And may succeeding Days prove yet more happy!

Well dost thou bid the Voice of Triumph sound  
Thro' all our Streets; our City calls thee Father;  
And say, *Eumenes*, dost thou not perceive  
A Father's Transport rise within thy Breast,  
Whilst in this Act thou art the Hand of Heav'n  
To deal forth Blessings, and distribute Joy?

*Eum.* The Blessings Heav'n belows are freely sent,  
And shou'd be freely shar'd.

*Pho.* True; ————— Generous Minds  
Redoubled feel the Pleasures they impart.

For me, if I've deserv'd by Arms or Councils,  
By Hazards gladly sought, and greatly prosper'd,  
Whate'er I've added to the Publick Stock,  
With Joy I see it in *Eumenes*' Hands,  
And wish but to receive my Share from thee.

*Eum.* I cannot if I wou'd, withhold thy Share.  
What thou hast done is thine; the Fame thy own;  
And virtuous Actions will reward themselves.

*Pbo.* Fame?—What is that, if courted for  
herself?

Less than a Vision; a meer Sound, an Echo,  
That calls with mimick Voice thro' Woods and La-  
byrinths

Her cheated Lovers; lost and heard by Fits,  
But never fix'd; a seeming Nymph, yet nothing.  
Virtue indeed is a substantial Good,  
A real Beauty; yet with weary Steps  
Thro' rugged Ways, by long laborious Service,  
When we have trac'd, and woo'd, and won the Dame,  
May we not then expect the Dower she brings?

*Eum.* Well—ask that Dower; say, can *Damascus*  
pay it?

Her Riches shall be tax'd, name but the Sum;  
Her Merchants with some costly Gems shall grace thee.  
Nor can *Heraclius* fail to grant thee Honours,  
Proportion'd to thy Birth and thy Desert.

*Pbo.* And can *Eumenes* think I wou'd be bribed  
By Trash, by sordid Gold, to venal Virtue?  
What! serve my Country for the same mean Hire  
That can corrupt each Villain to betray her?  
Why is she sav'd from these *Arabian* Spoilers,  
If to be stripp'd by her own Sons?—forgive me  
If the Thought glows upon my Cheeks; I know  
Twas mention'd, but to prove how much I scorn it.  
As for *Heraclius*, if he own my Conduct,  
I shall indulge an honest Pride in Honours  
Which I have strove to merit. Yes, *Eumenes*,  
I have ambition—yet the vast Reward  
That swells my Hopes, and equals all my Wishes  
Is in thy Gift alone—it is *Eudocia*.

Eum. Eudocia? — Phocas, I am yet thy Friend,  
And therefore will not hold thee long in Doubt.  
Thou must not think of her.

Pho. Not think of her?  
Impossible! — She's ever present to me,  
My Life, my Soul, She animates my Being,  
And kindles up my Thoughts to worthy Actions,  
And why, Eumenes, why not think of her?  
Is not my Rank —

Eum. Forbear — what need a Herald  
To tell me who thou art? — Yet once again —  
Since thou wilt force me to a Repetition,  
I say, thou must not think of her.

Pho. Yet hear me;  
Why wilt thou judge, e'er I can plead my Cause?  
Eum. Why wilt thou plead in vain? hast thou not heard  
My Choice has destin'd her to Eutyches!

Pho. And has she then consented to that Choice?  
Eum. Has she consented? — What is her Consent?  
Is she not mine?

Pho. She is — and in that Title  
Ev'n Kings with Envy may behold thy Wealth,  
And think their Kingdoms poor! — and yet, Eumenes,  
Shall She, by being thine, be barr'd a Privilege  
Which ev'n the meanest of her Sex may claim?  
Thou wilt not force her?

Eum. Who has told thee so?  
I'd force her to be happy.  
Pho. That thou canst not.  
What happiness subsists in Loss of Freedom?  
The Guest constrain'd but murmurs at the Banquet,  
Nor thanks his Host, but starves amidst Abundance.

Eum. 'Tis well, young Man! — Why then I'll  
learn from thee  
To be a very tame obedient Father.  
Thou hast already taught my Child her Duty.  
I find the Source of all her Disobedience,  
Her Hate of me, her Scorn of Eutyches;  
Ha! is't not so? — come tell me; I'll forgive thee.  
Hast thou not found her a most ready Scholar?  
I know thou hast — why, what a dull old Dotard

Was I, to think I ever had a Daughter!

*Pbo.* I'm sorry that *Eumenes* thinks——

*Eum.* No——Sorry?

Sorry for what? then thou dost own thou'lt wrong'd me!

That's some what yet—Curse on my stupid Blindness; For had I Eyes I might have seen it sooner, Was this the Spring of thy Romantick Bravery, Thy boastful Merit, thy officious Service?

*Pbo.* It was—with Pride I own it—'twas *Eudocia*! I have serv'd thee in serving her, thou know'st it, And thought I might have found a better Treatment. Why wilt thou force me thus to be a Braggard, And tell thee that which thou shou'dst tell thy self? It grates my Soul——I am not wont to talk thus. But I recall my Words——I have done nothing, And wou'd disclaim all Merit but my Love.

*Eum.* O no—say on, that thou hast sav'd *Damascus*, Is it not so?——Look o'er her Battlements, See, if the flying Foe have left their Camp! Why are our Gates yet clos'd, if thou hast freed Us? 'Tis true, thou fought'st a Skirmish——what of that? Had *Eutyches* been present——

*Pbo.* *Eutyches*!

Why wilt thou urge my Temper with that Trifler? O let him come! that in yon spacious Plain We may together charge the thickest Ranks, Rush on to Battle, Wounds, and glorious Death, And prove who 'twas that best deserv'd *Eudocia*.

*Eum.* That will be seen e'er long—but since I find Thou arrogantly wou'dst usurp Dominion, Believ'st thy self the Guardian Genius here, And that our Fortunes hang upon thy Sword; Be that first try'd—for know, that from this Moment Thou here hast no Command—Farewell!—So stay, Or hence and joyn the Foe——thou hast thy Choice.

[*Ex.* *Eumenes*.]

*Pbo.* Spurn'd and degraded!—proud and ungrateful Man!

Am I a Bubble then, blown up by thee,

And

And toss'd up into the Air to make thee Sport?  
Hence to the Foe? 'tis well —— *Eudocia*,  
O I will see thee, thou wrong'd Excellence!  
But how to speak thy Wrongs, or my Disgrace?  
Impossible —— O rather let me walk  
Like a dumb Ghost, and burst my Heart in Silence.

S C E N E the Garden.

*Enter Eudocia.*

*Eud.* Why must we meet by Stealth, like guilty Lov-  
ers!

But 'twill not long be so —— What Joy 'twill be  
To own my Heroe in his ripen'd Honours,  
And hear applauding Crouds pronounce me blest! ——  
Sure he'll be here —— See! the fair rising Moon,  
E'er Day's remaining Twilight scarce is spent,  
Hangs up her ready Lamp, and with mild Lustre  
Drives back the hovering Shades! Come, *Phocyas*,  
come;

This gentle Season is a Friend to Love,  
And now methinks I cou'd, with equal Passion  
Meet thine, and tell thee all my secret Soul.

*Enter Phocyas.*

He hears me —— O my *Phocyas*,! — What? — not an-  
swer? —

Art thou not he? or art some Shadow? — speak.

*Pho.* I am indeed a Shadow —— I am nothing ——  
*Eud.* What dost thou mean? — for now I know the  
*Phocyas*.

*Pho.* And never can be thine.

It will have vent —— O barbarous, curst — but hold ——  
I had forgot —— it was *Eudocia's* Father!  
O cou'd I too forget how he has us'd me!

*Eud.* I fear to ask thee ——

*Pho.* Dost thou fear? — Alas!  
Then thou wilt pity me —— O generous Maid!  
Thou hast charm'd down the Rage that swell'd my  
Heart,  
And choak'd my Voice — now I can speak to thee.

30 *The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.*

And yet 'tis worse than Death what I have suffer'd ;  
It is the Death of Honour ! — Yet that's little ;  
'Tis more *Eudocia*, 'tis the Loss of thee !

*Eud.* Hast thou not conquer'd ? — What are all these  
Shouts,

This Voice of general Joy heard far around ?  
What are these Fires, that cast their glimmering Light  
Against the Sky ? Are not all these thy Triumph ?

*Pbo.* O name not Triumph ! talk no more of Con-  
quest !

It is indeed a Night of general Joy,  
But not to me ; *Eudocia*, I am come  
To take a last Farewel of thee for ever.

*Eud.* A last Farewel ?

*Pbo.* Yes : — How wilt thou hereafter  
Look on a Wretch despis'd, revil'd, cashier'd,  
Strip'd of Command, like a base beaten Coward ?  
Thy cruel Father — I have told too much ; —  
I shou'd not but for this have felt the Wounds  
I got in fight for him — now, now they bleed.  
But I have done — and now thou hast my Story,  
Is there a Creature so accurst as *Phocyas* ?

*Eud.* And can it be ? — Is this then thy Reward ?  
O *Phocyas* ! never wou'dst thou tell me yet  
That thou hadst Wounds ; now I must feel them too.  
For is it not for me thou hast borne this ?  
What else cou'd be thy Crime ? — wert thou a Tray-  
tor,

Hadst thou betray'd us, sold us to the Foe —

*Pbo.* Wou'd I be yet a Traytor, I have Leave ;

Nay, I am dar'd to it with mocking Scorn.

My Crime indeed was asking thee ; that only  
Has cancell'd all, if I had any Merit ;

The City now is safe, my Service flighted,

And I discarded like an uieless thing,

Nay, bid me be gone — and, if I like that better,  
Seek out new Friends, and join yon barbarous Host.

*Eud.* Hold — let me think awhile — [Walks aside.  
— Tho' my Heart bleed,

I wou'd not have him see these dropping Tears.—  
And wilt thou go then, *Phocyas*?

*Pho.* To my Grave ;  
Where can I bury else this foul Disgrace ?  
Alas ! that Question shews how poor I am,  
How very much a Wretch, for if I go,  
It is from thee, thou only Joy of Life ;  
And Death will then be welcome.

*Eud.* Art thou sure  
Thou hast been us'd thus ?—Art thou quite undone ?

*Pho.* Yet, very sure—What dost thou mean ?  
*Eud.* That then, it is a Time for me—O Heav'n !  
that I

Alone am grateful to this wondrous Man !—  
To own thee *Phocyas*, thus [Giving her Hand.]  
— nay, glory in thee,  
And shew without a blush, how much I love.  
We must not part—

*Pho.* Then am I rich again ! [Embracing her.]  
O no—we will not part !—confirm it, Heav'n !  
Now thou shalt see how I will bend my Spirit,  
With what soft Patience I will bear my Wrongs,  
Till I have weary'd out thy Father's Scorn.  
Yet I have worse to tell thee—*Eutyches*—

*Eud.* Why wilt thou name him ?  
*Pho.* Now, ev'n now he's coming !  
Just hov'ring o'er thee like a Bird of Prey.  
Thy Father vows—for I must tell thee all—  
'Twas this that wrung my Heart, and rack'd my Brain  
Ev'n to Distraction !—vows thee to his Bed ;  
Nay threaten'd Force, if thou refuse Obedience.

*Eud.* Force ?—threaten'd Force ?—my Father !—  
where is Nature ?  
Is that too banish'd from his Heart !—O then  
I have no Father—How have I deserv'd this ?—

[Weeping.]  
No Home, but am henceforth an Out-cast Orphan ;  
For I will wander to Earth's utmost Bounds,  
E'er give my Hand to that detested Contract.  
O save me, *Phocyas* ! thou hast sav'd my Father—

32 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Must I yet call him so, this cruel Father ?  
How wilt thou now deliver poor *Eudocia* ?

*Pbo.* See ! how we're join'd in Exile, how our Fate  
Conspires to warn us both to leave this City !  
Thou know'st the Emperor is now at *Antioch* ;  
I have an Uncle there, who, when the *Persian*,  
As now the *Saracen*, had nigh o'er-run  
The ravag'd Empire, did him signal Service,  
And nobly was rewarded. There, *Eudocia*,  
Thou might'st be safe, and I may meet with Justice.

*Eud.* There—any where, so we may fly this Place.  
See, *Phocyas*, what thy Wrongs and mine have wrought  
In a weak Woman's Frame ! for I have Courage  
To share thy Exile now thro' ev'ry Danger.  
Danger is only here, and dwells with Guilt,  
With base Ingratitude, and hard Oppression.

*Pbo.* Then let us lose no time, but hence this Night,  
The Gates I can command, and will provide  
The Means of our Escape. Some five Hours hence  
(Twill then be turn'd of Midnight) we may meet  
In the Piazza of *Hokoria*'s Convent.

*Eud.* I know it well ; the Place is most secure.)  
And near adjoyning to this Garden Wall.  
There thou shalt find me—O protect us, Heav'n !

*Pbo.* Fear not ;—thy Innocence will be our Guard.  
I've thought already how to shape our Course.  
Some pitying Angel will attend thy Steps,  
Guide thee unseen, and charm the sleeping Foe,  
'Till thou art safe ! —— O I have suffer'd nothing ;  
Thus gaining thee, and this great generous Proof,  
How blest am I in my *Eudocia*'s Love !  
My only Joy, Farewel !——

*Eud.* Farewel, my *Phocyas* !  
I've now no Friend but thee——yet thee I'll call  
Friend, Father, Lover, Guardian !—— Thou art all.  
[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T III. S C E N E I.

S C E N E Caled's Tent.

Caled attended. Sergius brought in, bound  
with Cords.

CALED.

MERCY? What's that?—Look yonder, on the Field  
Of our late Fight!—Go talk of Mercy there.  
Will the Dead hear thy Voice?

Serg. O spare me yet!

Cal. Thou Wretch!—Spare thee? to what? to  
live in Torture? Are not thy Limbs all bruis'd, thy Bones di-jointed,  
To force thee to confess? And wou'dst thou dragg,  
Like a crush'd Serpent, a vile mangled Being?  
My Eyes abhor a Coward—Hence, and dye!

Serg. O, I have told thee all!—When first pursu'd,  
I fix'd my Letters on an Arrow's Point,  
And shot them o'er the Walls—

Cal. Hast thou told all?  
Well, then thou shalt have Mercy to requite thee:  
Behold, I'll send thee forward on thy Errand.  
Strike off his Head; then cast it o'er the Gates;  
There let thy Tongue tell o'er its Tale again.

Serg. O bloody Saracen!—

[Ex. Sergius, dragg'd away by Guards.  
Enter Abudah.

Cal. Abudah, welcome!

Abu. O Caled! what an Evening was the last?

Cal. Name it no more; Remembrance sickens with  
it,  
And therefore Sleep is banish'd from this Night;  
Nor shall to-morrow's Sun open his Eye

Upon our Shame, e'er doubly we've redeem'd it.  
Have all the Captains Notice ?

*Abn.* I have walk'd  
The Rounds to-night, e'er the last Hour of Prayer,  
From Tent to Tent, and warn'd them to be ready.  
What must be done ?

*Cal.* Thou know'st th' important News,  
Which we have intercepted by this Slave,  
Of a new Army's March. The Time now calls,  
While these soft Syrians are dissolv'd in Riot,  
Fool'd with Success, and not suspecting Danger,  
Neglectful of their Watch, or else faint bound  
In Chains of Sleep, Companion of Debauches,  
To form a new Attack e'er break of Day.  
So, like the wounded Leopard, shall we rush  
From out our Covert on these drowsy Hunters,  
And seize 'em unprepar'd to 'scape our Vengeance.

*Abu.* Great Captain of the Armies of the Faithful !  
I know thy mighty and unconquer'd Spirit.  
Yet hear me, *Caled*; hear, and weigh my Doubts.  
Our angry Prophet frowns upon our Vices,  
And visits us in Blood. Why else did Terrors  
Unknown before seize all our stoutest Bands ?  
The Angel of Destruction was abroad ;  
The Archers of the Tribe of Thoal fled,  
So long renown'd, or spent their Shafts in vain ;  
The feather'd Flights err'd thro' the boundless Air,  
Or the Death turn'd on him that drew the Bow !  
What can this bode ? — Let me speak plainer yet ;  
Is it to propagate th' unspotted Law  
We fight ? 'tis well ; it is a noble Cause !  
But much I fear Infection is among us ;  
A boundless Lust of Rapine guides our Troops.  
We learn the Christian Vices we chastise,  
And tempted with the Pleasures of the Soil,  
More than with distant Hopes of Paradise,  
I fear, may soon — but Oh ! avert it Heav'n —  
Fall ev'n a Prey to our own Spoils and Conquests.

*Cal.* No — thou mistak'ft ; thy pious Zeal deceives  
thee.

Our Prophet only chides our Sluggard Valour.  
 Thou saw'st how in the Vale of Honan once  
 The Troops, as now defeated, fled confus'd  
 Ev'n to the Gates of Mecca's holy City ;  
 Till Mahomet himself there stopp'd their Entrance,  
 A Javelin in his Hand, and turn'd them back  
 Upon the Foe ; they fought again, and conquer'd.  
 Behold how best we may appease his Wrath !  
 His own Example points us out the Way.

*Abu.* Well — be it then resolv'd. Th' indulgent Hour

Of better Fortune is, I hope, at Hand.  
 And yet, since Phocyas has appear'd its Champion,  
 How has this City rais'd its drooping Head ?  
 As if some Charm prevail'd where-e'er he fought,  
 Our Strength seems wither'd, and our feeble Weapons  
 Forget their wonted Triumph—were he absent —

*Cal.* I wou'd have sought him out in the last Action  
 To single fight, and put that Charm to Proof,  
 Had not a foul and sudden Mist aro'e  
 E'er I arriv'd to have restor'd the Combat.  
 But let it be — 'tis past. We yet may meet,  
 And 'twill be known whose Arm is then the stronger.

*Enter Daran.*

*Dar.* Health to the Race of Ismael ! and Days  
 More prosp'rous than the last ; — a Christian Captive  
 Is fall'n within my Watch, and waits his Doom.

*Cal.* Bring forth the Slave ! — O thou keen Vulture  
 Death !

Do we then feed thee only thus by Morsels ?  
 Whole Armies never can suffice thy Hunger.

*Daran goes out, and re-enters with Phocyas.*

*Cal.* Whence, and what art thou ? — of Damascus ? — *Daran,*

Where didst thou find this dumb and sullen Thing,  
 That seems to lowr Defiance on our Anger ?

*Dar.* Marching in Circuit, with the Horse thou ga-  
 vest me,  
 T' observe the City Gates, I saw from far  
 Two Persons issue forth ; the one advanc'd

*And :*

36 *The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.*

And e'er he cou'd retreat, my Horsemen seiz'd him.  
The other was a Woman, and had fled,  
Upon a Signal giv'n at our Approach,  
And got within the Gate. Wou'dst thou know more,  
Himself, if he will speak, can best inform thee.

*Cal.* Have I not seen thy Face ;

*Abu.* [to *Caled.*] He hears thee not ;  
His Eyes are fix'd on Earth ; some deep Distress  
Isat his Heart. This is no common Captive.

*Cal.* A Lion in the Toils ! We soon shall tame him.  
Still art thou dumb ?—Nay, 'tis in vain to cast  
Thy gloomy Looks so oft around this Place,  
Or frown upon thy Bonds—thou canst not 'scape.

*Pbo.* Then be it so—the worst is past already,  
And Life is now not worth a Moment's Pause.  
Do you not know me yet ?—think of the Man  
You have most Cause to curse, and I am he.

*Cal.* Ha ! *Phoeyas* ?

*Abu.* *Phoeyas* ?—*Mahomet*, we thank thee !  
Now thou dost smile again.

*Dar.* [Aside.] O Devil, Devil !  
And I not know him ? —'twas but Yesterday  
He kill'd my Horse, and drove me from the Field.  
Now I'm reveng'd ! No ; hold you there, not yet,  
Not while he lives.

*Cal.* [Aside.] This is indeed a Prize !—  
Is it because thou know'st what slaughter'd heaps  
There yet unbury'd lye without our Camp,  
Whose Ghosts have all this Night, passing 'the Zorat,  
Call'd from that Bridge of Death on thee to follow,  
That now thou'rt here to answer to their Cry ?  
Howe'er it be, thou know'st thy Welcome—

*Pbo.* Yes,  
Thou proud, blood-thirsty *Arab* !—Well I know  
What to expect from thee ; I know ye all.  
How shou'd the Authors of Distress and Ruin  
Be mov'd to Pity ! that's a Human Passion ;  
No—in your hungry Eyes, that look Revenge,  
I read my Doom. Where are your Racks, your Tor-  
tures ?

I'm

## The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 37

I'm ready—lead me to 'em ; I can bear  
The worst of Ills from you. You're not my Friends,  
My Countrymen.—Yet were ye Men, I cou'd  
Unfold a Story—but no more—*Eumenes*,  
Thou hast thy Wish, and I am now—a Worm !

*Abu.* [to *Cal'd aside.*] Leader of Armies, hear him !  
for my Mind

Prefages Good accruing to our Cause  
By this Event.

*Cal.* I tell thee then, thou wrong'st Us,  
To think our Hearts thus seal'd, or our Ears deaf  
To all that thou may'st utter. Speak, disclose  
That secret Woe that throbbs within thy Breast.  
Now, by the silent Hours of Night ! we'll hear thee,  
And mute attention shall await thy Words.

*Pho.* This is not then the Palace in *Damascus* !  
If ye will hear, then I indeed have wrong'd you.  
How can this be ?—When he for whom I've fought,  
Fought against you, has yet refus'd to hear me !  
You seem surpriz'd.—It was Ing'atitude  
That drove me out from those abandon'd Walls,  
An Exile, not a Foe.

*Abu.* Is't possible ?  
Are these thy Christian Friends ?

*Cal.* 'Tis well—we thank 'em.  
They help us to subdue themselves.—But who  
Was that Companion of thy Flight ?—A Woman,  
So *Daran* said—

*Pho.* 'Tis there I am most wretched—  
O I am torn from all my Soul held dear,  
And my Life's Blood flows out upon the Wound !  
That Woman—'twas for her—How shall I speak it ?—  
*Eudocia*, O Farewel !—I'll tell you then,  
As fast as these Heart rending Sighs will let me ;  
I lov'd the Daughter of the proud *Eumenes*,  
And long in secret woo'd her ; not unwelcome  
To her my Visits ; but I fear'd her Father,  
Who oft had press'd her to detested Nuptials,  
And therefore durst not till this Night of Joy  
Avow to him my Courtship. Now I thought her

Mine,

Mine, by a double Claim, of mutual Vows,  
And Service yielded at his greatest Need.

When, as I mov'd my Suit, with sowr Disdain  
He mock'd my Service, and forbade my Love ;  
Degraded me from the Command I bore,  
And with Defiance bade me seek the Foe.

How has his Curse prevail'd ! — The generous Maid  
Was won by my Distress to leave the City ;  
And cruel Fortune made me thus your Prey.

*Abu. [Aside.]* My Soul is mov'd.—Thou wert a  
Man, O Prophet !

Forgive, if 'tis a Crime, a human Sorrow  
For injur'd Merit, tho' 'tis in a Foe !

*Pho.* Now—since you've heard my Story, set me  
free,

That I may save her yet, dearer than Life,  
From a tyrannick Father's threaten'd Force ;  
Gold, Gems and Purple Vests shall pay my Ransome ;  
Nor shall my peaceful Sword henceforth be drawn  
In Fight, nor break its Truce with you for ever.

*Cal.* No ;—there's one Way, a better—and but one,  
To save thyself, and make some Reparation  
For all the Numbers thy bold Hand has slain.

*Pho.* O name it quickly, and my Soul will bless  
thee !

*Cal.* Embrace our Faith, and share with us our For-  
tunes.

*Pho.* Then I am lost again !

*Cal.* What ! When we offer  
Not Freedom only, but to raise thee high  
To Greatness, Conquest, Glory, Heav'nly Bliss !

*Pho.* To sink me down to Infamy, Perdition,  
Here and hereafter, make my Name a Curse  
To present Times, to ev'ry future Age  
A Proverb and a Scorn !—take back thy Mercy,  
And know I now disdain it.

*Cal.* As thou wilt.

The Time's too precious to be wasted longer  
In Words with thee. Thou knowst thy Doom—  
Farewel.

*Abu.*

*Abu.* [to *Cal'd Aside.*] Hear me yet, *Cal'd!* grant  
him some short Space;  
Perhaps at length he will accept thy Bounty.  
Try him at least—

*Cal.* Well—be it so then. *Daran,*  
Guard well thy Charge.—Thou hast an Hour to live;  
If thou art Wife, thou may'st prolong that Term;  
If not—why Fare thee well, and think of Death.

[*Exeunt Cal. and Abu.*]

*Phocyas.* [Daran waiting at a distance.]  
Farewel, and think of Death!—was it not so?  
Do Murderers then preach Morality?—  
But how to think of what the Living know not,  
And the Dead cannot, or else may not tell?—  
What art thou, O thou great mysterious Terror!  
The Way to thee we know; Diseases, Famine,  
Sword, Fire, and all thy ever open Gates  
That Day and Night stand ready to receive us.  
But what's beyond them?—Who will draw that Veil?  
Yet Death's not there—No; 'tis a Point of Time,  
The Verge 'twixt mortal and immortal Being.  
It mocks our Thought!—On this side all is Life;  
And when we've reach'd it, in that very Instant  
'Tis past the thinking of!—O! if it be  
The Pangs, the Throes, the agonizing Struggle  
When Soul and Body part, sure I have felt it,  
And there's no more to fear.

*Daran.* [Aside.] Suppose I now  
Dispatch him?—Right—What need to stay for Orders?  
I wish I durst!—Yet what I dare I'll do.  
Your Jewels, Christian—You'll not need these Trifles—

[*Searching him.*]

*Pbo.* I pr'ythee Slave stand off—My Soul's too busy  
To lose a Thought on thee.

*Enter Abudah.*

*Abu.* What's this?—forbear!  
Who gave thee Leave to use this Insolence?  
[*Takes the Jewels from him, and lays 'em on a Table.*]  
*Dar.* [Aside.] Deny'd my Booty?—Curses on his  
Head!

Was

## 40 The Siege of DAMASCUS.

Was not the Founder of our Law a Robber ?  
Why, 'twas for that I left my Country's Gods,  
*Menapho* and *Uzza*. Better still be Pagan,  
Than starve with a new Faith.

*Abu.* What ?—Dost thou mutter ?  
*Daran,* withdraw ; and better learn thy Duty.

[Exit *Daran.*]

*Pbocyas,* perhaps thou know'st me not—

*Pbo.* I know  
Thy Name *Abudab*, and thy Office here  
The second in Command. What more thou art  
Indeed I cannot tell.

*Abu.* True ; for thou yet  
Know'st not I am thy Friend.

*Pbo.* Is't possible ?—  
Thou speak'st me fair.

*Abu.* What dost thou think of Life ?  
*Pbo.* I think not of it ; Death was in my Thoughts.  
On hard Conditions, Life were but a Load,  
And I wou'd lay it down.

*Abu.* Art thou resolv'd ?

*Pbo.* I am, unless thou bring'st me better Terms.  
Than those I have rejected.

*Abu.* Think again.  
*Caled,* by me, once more, renew'd that Offer.  
*Pbo.* Thou say'st thou art my Friend ; why dost  
thou try  
To shake the settled Temper of my Breast ?  
My Soul has just discharg'd her cumbrous Train  
Of Hopes and Fears, prepar'd to take her Voyage  
To other Seats, where she may rest in Peace ;  
And now thou call'st me back, to beat again  
The painful Roads of Life.—Tempt me no more  
To be a Wretch, for I despise the Offer.

*Abu.* The General knows thee brave, and 'tis for that  
He seeks Alliance with thy nob'e Virtues.

*Pbo.* He knows me brave ?——why does he then  
thus treat me ?  
No ; he believes I am so poor of Soul,  
That barely for the Privilege to live,

## The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 43

I wou'd be bought his Slave. But go, and tell him,  
The little Space of Life his Scorn bequeath'd me  
Was lent in vain, and he may take the Forfeit.

*Abu.* Why wilt thou wed thy self to Misery,  
When our Faith courts thee to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> hal Blessings ?  
When Truth it self is, like a Seraph, come  
To loose thy Bonds ! — The Light Divine, whose  
Peams

Pierc'd thro' the Gloom of Hera's sacred Cave,  
And there illumin'd the great Mahomet,  
Arabia's Morning-Star, now shines on thee.  
Arise, salute with Joy the Guest from Heav'n,  
Follow her Steps, and be no more a Captive.

*Pho.* But whither must I follow ? — answer that.  
Is she a Guest from Heav'n ? What Marks Divine,  
What Signs, what Wonders vouch her boasted Mission ?

*Abu.* What Wonders ? — turn thy Eyes to Mecca !  
mark

How from Caaba, first, that hallow'd Temple,  
Her Glory dawn'd ! — then look how swift its Course,  
As when the Sun-beams shooting thro' a Cloud  
Drive o'er the Meadow's Face the flying Shades !  
Have not the Nations bent before our Swords,  
Like ripen'd Corn before the Reaper's Steel ?  
Why is all this ? Why does Success still wait  
Upon our Law, if not to shew that Heav'n  
First sent it forth, and owns it still by Conquest ?

*Pho.* Dost thou ask why is this ? — O why indeed ?  
Where is the Man can read Heav'n's secret Councils ? —  
Why did I conquer in another Cause,  
Yet now am here ? —

*Abu.* I'll tell thee — thy good Angel  
Has seiz'd thy Hand unseen, and snatch'd thee out  
From swift Destruction ; know, e'er Day shall dawn  
Damascus will in Blood lament its Fall ;  
We've heard what Army is design'd to march  
Too late to save her. Now, ev'n now, our Force  
Is just preparing for a fresh Assault.  
Now too thou might'st revenge thy Wrongs — so Caled  
Charg'd me to say ; and more, that he invites thee,  
Thou

42 *The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.*

Thou know'st the Terms—to share with him the Conquest.

*Pbo.* Conquest?—Revenge?—Hold, let me think—  
O Horror!

Revenge?—O what Revenge?—Bleed on, my Wounds;

For thus to be reveng'd, were it not worse Than all that I can suffer?—But *Eudocia*— Where will she then—Shield her, ye pitying Pow'rs, And let me dye in Peace!

*Abu.* Hear me once more,

'Tis all I have to offer;—mark me now!

*Caled* has sworn *Eudocia* shall be safe.

*Pbo.* Ha! Safe?—but how? a wretched Captive too!

*Abu.* He swears she shall be free, she shall be thine.

*Pbo.* Then I am lost indeed—O cruel Bounty!

How can I be at once both curst and happy?

*Abu.* The time draws near, and I must quickly leave thee;

But first reflect, that in this fatal Night  
Slaughter and Rapine may be loo'd abroad,  
And while they roam with undistinguish'd Rage,  
Shou'd she thou lov'st—well may'st thou start—be made,  
Perhaps unknown, some barb'rous Soldier's Prey,  
Shou'd she then fall a Sacrifice to Lust  
Or brutal Fury—

*Pbo.* O—this pulls my Heart-strings! [Falls.  
Earth open—save me, save me from that Thought,  
There's Ruin in it; 'twill, it will undo me.

*Abu.* Nay, do not plunge thyself in black Despair;  
Look up, poor Wretch, thou art not shipwreck'd yet,  
Behold an Anchor; am not I thy Friend?  
Yet hear me and be blest—

*Pbo.* [rising] Hah! who, what art thou? [Raving.  
My Friend? that's well; but hold—are all Friends honest?

What's to be done?—Hush, Hark! what Voice is that?

*Abu.* There is no Voice; 'tis yet the Dead of Night,  
The Guards without keep silent Watch around us.

*Pbo.*

The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 43

*Pho.* Again—it calls—'tis she—O lead me to her—  
*Abu.* Thy Passion mocks thee with imagin'd Sounds.

*Pho.* Sure 'twas *Eudocia's* Voice cry'd out—*Forbear.*  
What shall I do?—O Heav'n!

*Abu.* Heav'n shews thee what.  
Nay, now it is too late; see, *Caled* comes  
With Anger on his Brow; quickly withdraw  
To the next Tent, and there—

*Pho.* [Raving.] What do I see?  
*Damascus!* Conquest! Ruin! Rapes and Murder!  
Villains—Is there no way—O save her, save her!

[Exit with Abudah.

Enter *Caled* and *Daran*.

*Dar.* Behold, on thy Approach they shift their  
Ground.

*Cal.* 'Tis as thou say'st, he trifles with my Mercy.

*Dar.* Speak, shall I fetch his Head?

*Cal.* No, stay thou here,

I cannot spare thee yet. *Raphan*, go thou. [To an Officer.  
But hold—I've thought again—he shall not die.  
Go, tell him he shall live, till he has seen  
*Damascus* sink in Flame, 'till he behold  
That Slave, the Woman-Idol he adores,  
Or giv'n a Prize to some brave *Mussulman*,  
Or slain before his Face; then, if he sue  
For Death, as for a Boon—perhaps we'll grant it.

[Ex. *Raphan*.]

*Dar.* The Captains wait thy Orders.

*Cal.* Are the Troops

Ready to march?

*Dar.* They are. [*The Captains pass by as they are nam'd.*

*Cal.* Where's *Abu-Taleb*?

*Alcoraf*?—O, your valiant Tribes, I thank 'em,  
Fled from their Standard! Will they now redeem it?  
*Omar* and *Serjabil*?—'tis well, I see 'em.

You know your Duty. You, *Abdorraman*,  
Must charge with *Raphan*. Mourn, thou haughty City!  
The Bow is bent, nor canst thou scape thy Doom.  
Who turns his back henceforth, our Prophet curse him!

*Dar.* But who commands the trusty Bands of *Mecca*?  
Thou

44. *The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.*

Thou know'st their Leader fell in the last Fight.

*Cal.* 'Tis true ; thou, *Duran*, well deserv'd that Charge ;

I've mark'd what a keen Hatred, like my own,  
Dwells in thy Breast against these Christian Dogs.

*Dur.* Thou dost me Right.

*Cal.* And therefore I'll reward it.  
Be that Command now thine. And here—this Sabre,  
Bles'd in the Field by *Mabomet* himself,

At *Cbaiber's* prosp'rous Fight, shall aid thy Arm.

*Dur.* Thanks, my good Chief ; with this I'll better thank thee.

*Cal.* My self will lead the Troops of the Black Standard,  
And at the Eastern Gate begin the Storm.

*Dur.* But why do we not move ? 'twill soon be Day.  
Methinks I'm cold, and wou'd grow warm with Action.

*Cal.* Then haste and tell *Abudah*—O thou'ret welcome,

*Enter Abudah.*

Thy Charge awaitstheed. Where's the stubborn Captive ?

*Abu.* Indeed he's brave. I left him for a Moment  
In the next Tent. He's scarcely yet himself.

*Cal.* But is he ours ?

*Abu.* The Threats of Death are nothing ;  
Tho' thy last Message shook his Soul, as Winds  
On the bleak Hills bend down some lofty Pine ;  
Yet still he held his Root ; till I found Means,  
Abating somewhat of thy first Demand,  
If not to make him wholly ours, at least  
To gain sufficient to our End.

*Cal.* Say how ?

*Abu.* Oft he inclin'd, oft started back ; at last,  
When just consenting, for a while he paus'd,  
Stood fix'd in Thought, and lift his Eyes to Heav'n ;  
Then, as with fresh recover'd Force, cry'd out  
Renounce my Faith ? Never—I answer'd, No,  
That now he shou'd not do it.

*Cal.* How ?

*Abu.* Yet hear.  
For since I saw him now so lost in Passion,

*That*

That must be left to his more temperate Thoughts.  
Mean time I urg'd, conjur'd, at last constrain'd him  
By all he held most dear, nay by the Voice  
Of Providence, that call'd him now to save,  
With her he lov'd, perhaps the Lives of thousands,  
No longer to resist his better Fate,  
But join his Arms in present Action with us,  
And swear he wou'd be faithful.

*Cal.* What, no more?

Then he's a Christian still?

*Abu.* Have Patience yet:

For if by him we can surprize the City—

*Cal.* Say'st thou?

*Abu.* Hear what's agreed; but on the Terms  
That ev'ry unresisting Life be spar'd.  
I shall command some chosen faithful Bands,  
*Phocyas* will guide us to the Gate, from whence  
He late escap'd. nor do we doubt but there  
With Ease to gain Admittance.

*Cal.* This is something.

And yet I do not like this Half-Ally—

Is he not still a Christian?—but no matter—

Mean time I will attack the Eastern Gate;

Who first succeeds gives Entrance to the rest.

Hear, all!—Prepare ye now for boldest Deeds,

And know the Prophet will reward your Valour.

Think that ye all to certain Triumph move;

Who falls in Fight yet meets the Prize above.

There, in the Gardens of eternal Spring,

While Birds of Paradise around you sing,

Each, with his blooming Beauty by his side,

Shall drink rich Wines that in full Rivers glide,

Breathe fragrant Gales o'er Fields of Spice that blow,

And gather Fruits immortal as they grow.

Ecstatick Bliss shall your whole Powers employ,

And every Sense be lost in every Joy.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE A great Square in the City,  
before the Governor's Palace.

Enter Abudah, Saracen Captains and Soldiers; with Eumenes, Herbis, and others of the Christians unarm'd.

EUMENES.

IT must be so—Farewel, devoted Walls!—  
To be surpris'd thus?—Hell and all ye Fiends,

How did ye watch this Minute for Destruction?

Herb. We've been betray'd by Riot and Debauch  
Curse on the Traytor-Guard!

Eum. The Guard above,  
Did that sleep too?

Abu. Christians, complain no more.  
What you have ask'd is granted. Are ye Men,  
And dare ye question thus, with bold Impatience,  
Eternal Justice!—Know, the Doom from Heav'n  
Falls on your Towers, resistless as the Bolt  
That fires the Cedars on your Mountain Tops.  
Be meek, and learn with humble Awe to bear  
The mitigated Ruin. Worse had follow'd,  
Had ye oppos'd our Numbers. Now you're safe.  
Quarter and Liberty are giv'n to all;  
And little do ye think how much ye owe  
To one brave Enemy, whom yet ye know not.

Enter Artamon *hastily*.

Art. All's lost!—Ha!—Who are these?

Eum. All's lost indeed.  
Yield up thy Sword, if thou wou'dst share our Safety.  
Thou com'st too late to bring us News.

Art. O—no.

The

The News I bring is from the Eastern Guard.

Caled has forc'd the Gate, and—but he's here.

*A cry without.*] Fly, fly; they follow—Quarter,  
Mercy, Quarter!

[*Several Persons as pursu'd run over the Stage.*

Caled [*without*] No Quarter! Kill, I say; are  
they not Christians?

More Blood! our Prophet asks it.—

*He enters with Daran, &c.*

What, Abudab?

Well met!—but wherefore are these Looks of Peace?

Why sleeps thy Sword?

Abu. Caled, our Task is over.

Behold the Chiefs; they have resign'd the Palace.

Cal. And sworn t' obey our Law?

Abu. No.

Cal. Then fallen.

Abu. Hold yet, and hear me—Heav'n by me has  
spar'd

The Sword its cruel Task. On easy Terms

We've gain'd a bloodless Conquest.

Cal. I renounce it.

Curse on those Terms; the City's mine by Storm.

Fall on, I say—

Abu. Nay then, I swear Ye shall not.

Cal. Ha!—Who am I?

Abu. The General, and I know

What Reverence is your due.

[Cal. signs to his Men to fall on.

Nay, he who stirs

First makes his Way thro' me. My Honour's pledg'd;  
Rob me of that who dares. [they stop] I know thee,

Caled,

Chief in Command; bold, valiant, wise and faithful.  
But yet remember I'm a Mussulman,

Nay more, thou know'st, Companion of the Prophet,  
And what we vow is sacred.

Cal. Thou'ret a Christian,

I swear thou art, and hast betray'd the Faith.

Curse on thy new Allies!

Abu.

*Abu.* No more—this Strife  
But ill beseems the Servants of the Caliph,  
And casts Reproach—Christians, withdraw a while;  
I pledge my Life to answer the Conditions—

[*Ex. Eum. Herb. &c.*]

*Why,* *Caled,* do we thus expose ourselves  
A Scorn to Nations that despise our Law?  
Thou call'st me Christian—What? Is it because  
I prize my plighted Faith, that I'm a Christian?  
Come, 'tis not well, and if—

*Caled.* What Terms are yielded?

*Abu.* I leave to depart, to all that will; an Oath  
First giv'n, no more to aid the War against us.  
An unmelested March. Each Citizen  
To take his Goods, no more than a Mule's Burden;  
The Chiefs six Mules, and ten the Governor.  
Besides some few slight Arms for their Defence  
Against the Mountain Robbers.

*Caled.* Now, by *Mahomet*,  
Thou hast equipp'd an army.

*Abu.* Canst thou doubt  
The greater Part by far will chuse to stay,  
Receive our Law, or pay th' accustom'd Tribute?  
What fear we then from a few wretched Bands  
Of scatter'd Fugitives?—besides thou know'st  
What Towns of Strength remain yet unsabdu'd.  
Let us appear this once like generous Victors,  
So future Conquests shall repay this Bounty,  
And willing Provinces ev'n court Subjection.

*Caled.* Well—be it on thy Head, if worse befall;  
This once I yield—but see it then proclaim'd  
Thro' all *Damascus*, that who will depart  
Must leave the Place this Instant.—Pax, move on.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II. *The Outside of a Nunnery.*

*Eudocia.*

Darkness is fled; and yet the Morning Light  
Gives me more Fears than did Night's deadly Gloom.  
Within

# The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 49

Within, Without, All, all are Foes.—O Phocyas,  
Thou art perhaps at Rest; wou'd I were too !

[After a Pause.]

This Place has holy Charms; Rapine and Murder  
Dare not approach it, but are aw'd to Distance.  
I've heard that ev'n these Infidels have spar'd  
Walls sacred to Devotion.—World, Farewel !  
Here will I hide me, 'till the friendly Grave  
Open its Arms, and shelter me for ever.

[Exit.]

Enter Phocyas.

Pbo. Did I not hear the Murmurs of a Voice,  
This Way?—a Woman's too?—and seem'd complaining?  
Hark!—No—O Torture! whither shall I turn me?  
I've search'd the Palace Rooms in vain; and now,  
I know not why, some Instinct brought me hither.—  
'Twas here last Night we met. Dear, dear Eudocia!  
Might I once more— [Going out, he meets her entering.]

Eud. Who calls the loit Eudocia?  
Sure 'tis a friendly Voice.

Pbo. 'Tis she!—O Rapture!

Eud. Is't possible?—my Phocyas?

Pbo. My Eudocia!

Do I yet call thee mine?

Eud. Do I yet see thee?  
Yet hear thee speak?—O hast thou escap'd  
From barbarous Swords, and Men that know not Mercy?

Pbo. I've borne a thousand Deaths since our last Part-  
ing.

But wherefore do I talk of Death?—for now  
Methinks, I'm rais'd almost to Life immortal;  
And feel I'm blest beyond the Pow'r of Change.

Eud. O yet beware—lest some Event unknown  
Again shou'd part us.

Pbo. [Aside.] Heav'n avert the Omen!  
None can, my Fair, none shall.

Eud. Alas! thy Transport  
Makes thee forget; is not the City taken?

Pbo. It is.

Eud. And are we not beset with Foes?

Pbo. There are no Foes—or none to thee—No Dan-  
ger.

C

Eud.

50 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Eud. No Foes ?

Pbo. I know not how to tell thee yet —  
But think, *Eudocia*, that my matchless Love  
And wondrous Causes præordain'd, conspiring,  
For thee have triumph'd o'er the fiercest Foes,  
And turn'd 'em into Friends.

Eud. Amazement ! Friends ? —  
O all ye Guardian Powers ! — Say on — O lead me,  
Lead me thro' this dark Maze of Providence  
Which thou hast trod, that I may trace thy Steps  
With silent Awe, and worship as I pass.

Pbo. Enquire no more — thou shalt know all hereafter —

Let me conduct thee hence —

Eud. O whither next ?  
To what far distant Home ? — But 'tis enough,  
That favour'd thus of Heav'n thou art my Guide.  
And as we journey on the painful Way,  
Say, wilt thou then beguile the passing Hours,  
And open all the Wonders of thy Story ?

Pbo. Indulge no more thy melancholy Thoughts.  
*Damascus* is thy Home.

Eud. And yet thou say'st  
It is no longer Ours ! — Where is my Father ?

Pbo. To shew thee too how Fate seems every Way  
To guard thy Safety, ev'n thy Father now,  
Wert thou within his Pow'r, wou'd stand defeated  
Of his tyrannick Vow. Thou know'st last Night  
What hope of Aids flatter'd this foolish City ;  
At break of Day th' Arabian Scouts had seiz'd  
A second Courier, and from him 'tis learn'd  
That on their March the Army mutiny'd,  
And *Eutyches* was slain.

Eud. And yet, that, now  
Is of the least importance to my Peace.  
But answer me ; say, where is now my Father ?

Pbo. Or gone, or just preparing to depart.

Eud. What ! is our doom revers'd ? and is he then  
The wretched Fugitive ?

Pbo. Thou heav'nly Maid !

To free thee then from ev'ry anxious Thought,  
Know, I've once more, wrong'd as I am, ev'n sav'd  
Thy Father's threaten'd Life, nay sav'd *Damascus*  
From Blood and Slaughter, and from total Ruin.  
Terms are obtain'd, and general Freedom granted  
To all that will, to leave in Peace the City.

*Eud.* Is't possible—now trust me I cou'd chide thee :  
"Tis much unkind to hold me thus in Doubt ;  
I pr'ythee clear these Wonders.

*Pbo.* 'Twill surprise thee,  
When thou shalt know——

*Eud.* What ?

*Pbo.* To what deadly Gulphs  
Of Horror and Despair, what cruel Straits  
Of agonizing Thought I have been driv'n  
This Night, e'er my perplex'd bewilder'd Soul  
Cou'd find its Way——thou saidst that thou wou'dst  
chide ;

I fear thou wilt ; indeed I have done that  
I cou'd have wish'd t' avoid——but for a Cause  
So lovely, so belov'd——

*Eud.* What dost thou mean

I'll not indulge a Thought that thou cou'dst do  
One Act unworthy of thy self, thy Honour,  
And that firm Zeal against these Foes of Heav'n  
Which won my Heart at first to share in all  
Thy Dangers and thy Fame, and wish thee mine.  
Thou cou'dst not save thy Life my Means inglorious.

*Pbo.* Alas ! thou know'st me not——I'm Man, frail  
Man,  
To Error born ; and who that's Man is perfect ?  
To save my Life ? O no ; well was it risqu'd  
For thee ! had it been lost, 'twere not too much,  
And thou but safe ;—O what wou'dst thou have said,  
If I had risqu'd my Soul to save *Eudocia* ?

*Eud.* Ha ! Speak——O no, be dumb——it cannot  
be!  
And yet thy Looks are chang'd, thy Lips grow pale.  
Why dost thou shake ?—alas ! I tremble too !  
Thou cou'dst not, hast not sworn to *Mahomes* ?

52 *The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.*

*Pbo.* No—I shou'd first have dy'd—nay giv'n up thee.

*Eud.* O *Phocyas!* Was it well to try me thus? And yet another deadly Fear succeeds. How came these Wretches hither? Who reviv'd Their fainting Arms to unexpected Triumph? For while thou fought'st, and fought'st the Christian Cause,

These batter'd Walls were Rocks impregnable, Their Tow'rs of Adamant. But O I fear Some Act of thine—

*Pbo.* No more—I'll tell thee all; But pr'ythee do not frown on me, *Eudocia!*— I found the wakeful Foe in Midnight Council Resolv'd, e'er Day, to make a fresh Attack, Keen for Revenge, and hungry after Slaughter. Cou'd my rack'd Soul bear that, and think of thee? Nay think of thee expos'd a helpless Prey To some fierce Ruffian's violating Arms? O had the World been mine, in that Extreme I shou'd have giv'n whole Provinces away, Nay all—and thought it little for thy Ransom!

*Eud.* For this then—oh thou hast betray'd the City! Distrustful in the Righteous Pow'rs above, That still protect the Chaste and Innocent; And to avert a feign'd uncertain Danger, Thou hast brought certain Ruin on thy Country!

*Pbo.* No, thou forget'st the friendly Terms—the Sword, Which threaten'd to have fill'd these Streets with Blood, Is sheath'd in Peace; thy Father, thou, and all The Citizens are safe, uncaptiv'd, free.

*Eud.* Safe? free? O no—Life, Freedom, every Good

Turns to a Curse, if sought by wicked Means. Yet sure it cannot be!—Are these the Terms On which we meet?—No—we can never meet On Terms like these; the Hand of Death itself Cou'd not have torn us from each other's Arms Like this dire Act, this more than fatal Blow!

In Death, the Soul and Body only part  
To meet again, and be divorc'd no more ;  
But now—

*Pbo.* Ha ! Lightning blast me ! Strike me,  
Ye vengeful Bolts ! if this is my Reward !  
Are these my hop'd-for Joys ? Is this the Welcome  
The wretched *Phocyas* meets, from her he lov'd  
More than Life, Fame—ev'n to his Soul's Distraction ?

*Eud.* Had'st thou not help'd the Slaves of *Mahomet*,  
To spread their impious Conquests o'er thy Country,  
What welcome was there in *Eudocia's* Power  
She had with-held from *Phocyas* ? but alas !  
'Tis thou hast blasted all our Joys for ever,  
And cut down hope like a poor short-liv'd Flower,  
Never to grow again !

*Pbo.* Cruel *Eudocia* !  
If in my Heart's deep Anguish I've been forc'd  
Awhile from what I was—dost thou reject me ?  
Think of the Cause—

*Eud.* The Cause ? there is no Cause !  
Not universal Nature cou'd afford  
A Cause for this ; what were Dominion, Pomp,  
The Wealth of Nations, nay of all the World,  
The World itself, or what a thousand Worlds,  
If weigh'd with Faith unspotted, heav'nly Truth,  
Thoughts free from Guilt, the Empire of the Mind,  
And all the Triumphs of a God-like Breast  
Firm and unshov'd in the great Cause of Virtue ?

*Pbo.* How shall I answer thee ?—my Soul is aw'd,  
And trembling owns th' eternal Force of Reason !  
But oh ! can nothing then attone, or plead  
For Pity from thee ?

*Eud.* Canst thou yet undo  
The Deed that's done, recal the Time that's past ?  
O call back Yesterday, call back last Night,  
Tho' with its Fears, its Dangers, its Distress ;  
Bid the fair Hours of Innocence return,  
When, in the lowest Ebb of changeful Fortune,  
Thou wert more glorious in *Eudocia's* Eyes  
Than all the Pride of Monarchs !—but that Deed—

*Pbo.* No more—thou waken'st in my tortur'd Heart

The cruel conscious Worm that stings to Madness.  
O I'm undone! ——— I know it, and can bear  
To be undone for thee, but not to lose thee.

*Eud.*, Poor Wretch! ——— I pity thee! — but art thou  
*Phocyas?*

The Man I lov'd? — I cou'd have dy'd with thee  
E'er thou didst this; then we had gone together,  
A glorious Pair, and soar'd above the Stars,  
Bright as the Stars themselves; and as we pass'd  
The heav'ly Roads, and milky Ways of Light,  
Had heard the blest Inhabitants with Wonder  
Applaud our spotless Love. But never, never  
Can I be made the curs'd Reward of Treason,  
To seal thy Doom, to bind a hellish League,  
And to ensure thy everlasting Woe.

*Pbo.* What League? — 'tis ended — I renounce it —  
thus [Kneels.]

I bend to Heav'n and thee. ——— O thou Divine,  
Thou matchless Image of all-perfect Goodness!  
Do thou but pity yet the wretched *Phocyas*,  
Heav'n will relent, and all may yet be well.

*Eud.*, No ——— We must part. 'Twill ask whole  
Years of Sorrow

To purge away this Guilt. Then do not think  
Thy Loss in me is worth one dropping Tear;  
But, if thou wou'dst be reconcil'd to Heav'n,  
First sacrifice to Heav'n that fatal Passion  
That caus'd thy Fall. ——— Farewel; forget the lost —  
But how shall I ask that? — I wou'd have said,  
For thy soul's Peace, forget the lost *Eudocia*:  
Canst thou forget her? ——— O the killing Torture  
To think 'twas Love, Excess of Love, divorc'd us!  
Farewel for — still I cannot speak that Word,  
These Tears speak for me — O Farewel — [Exit.]

*Pbo.* [Raving.] For ever!  
Return, return and speak it, say for ever!  
She's gone — and now she joins the Fugitives.  
And yet, she did not quite pronounce my Doom —  
O hear, all-gracious Heav'n! wilt thou at once  
Forgive, and O inspire me to some Act

This

This Day, that may in part redeem what's past!  
Prosper this Day, or let it be my last. {Exit.

A C T . V . S C E N E . I .

S C E N E An open Place in the City.

Enter Caled and Daran meeting.

C A L E D .

S Oldier, what News? thou look'it as thou wert angry.

Dar. And, durst I say it, so, my Chief, I am.  
I've spoke—if it offends, my Head is thine,  
Take it, and I am silent.

Cal. No; say on.  
I know thee honest, and perhaps I guess  
What knits thy Brow in Frowns.

Dar. Is this, my Leader,  
A conquer'd City!—View yon Vale of Palms;  
Behold the vanquish'd Christian triumphs still,  
Rich in his Flight, and mocks thy barren War.

Cal. The Vale of Palms!  
DAR. Beyond those Hills, the Place  
Where they agreed this Day to meet and halt,  
To gather all their Forces: there, disguis'd,  
Just now I've view'd their Camp—O I cou'd curse  
My Eyes for what they've seen.

Cal. What hast thou seen?  
DAR. Why, all *Damascus*;—All its Soul, its Life,  
Its Hearts blood, all its Treasure, Piles of Plate,  
Crosses enrich'd with Gems, Arras and Silks,  
And Vests of Gold, unfolded to the Sun,  
That rival all his Lustre.

Cal. How!

C 4

Dar.

*Dar.* 'Tis true.

The Bees are wisely bearing off their Honey,  
And soon the empty Hive will be our own.

*Cal.* So forward too ? Curse on this foolish Treaty.

*Dar.* Forward—it looks as they had been forewarn'd,  
By *Mabomet*, the Land wears not the Face  
Of War, but Trade ; and thou wou'dst swear, its Mer-  
chants

Were sending forth their loaded Caravans  
To all the neighbouring Countries.

*Cal.* [Aside] Ha ! this starts  
A lucky Thought of *Mabomet's* first Exploit,  
When he pursu'd the Caravan of *Corash*,  
And from a thousand mis-believing Slaves  
Wrested their ill-heap'd Goods, transferr'd to thsive  
In holier Hands, and propagate the Faith.—

[To *Daran.*] 'Tis said the Emperor had a Wardrobe here  
Of costly Silks.

*Dar.* That too they have remov'd.

*Cal.* Dogs ! Infidels ! 'tis more than was allow'd.

*Dar.* And shall we not pursue 'em.—Robbers !  
Thieves !

That steal away themselves, and all they're worth,  
And wrong the valiant Soldier of his Due.

*Cal.* [Aside] The *Caliph* shall know this—he shall,  
*Abudah.*

This is thy Coward Bargain—I renounce it.

*Daran,* we'll stop their March, and make a Search.

*Dar.* And strip ?

*Cal.* And kill.

*Dar.* That's well. And yet I fear  
*Abudah's* Christian Friend—

*Cal.* If possible,  
He shou'd not know of this ; no, nor *Abudah*.  
By the seven Heav'ns ! his Soul's a Christian too,  
And 'tis by Kindred Instinct he thus saves  
Their cursed Lives, and taints our Cause with Mercy.

*Dar.* I knew my General wou'd not suffer thi<sup>e</sup>,  
Therefore I've Troops prepar'd without the Gate,  
Just mounted for pursuit. Our *Arab* Horse

Will

# The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 57

Will in few Minutes reach the Place ; yet still  
I must repeat my Doubts—that Devil Phocyas  
Will know it soon—I met him near the Gate,  
My Nature sickens at him, and forebodes  
I know not what of Ill.

*Cal.* No more : away  
With thy cold Fears—we'll march this very instant,  
And quickly make this thrifless Conquest good :  
The Sword too has been wrong'd, and thirsts for Blood.

S C E N E II. *A Valley full of Tents ; Baggage and Harness lying up and down amongst them. The Prospect terminated with Palm Trees and Hills at a distance.*

Eumenes, with Officers, attendants, and Crouds of the People of Damascus.

*Eum.* [Entring.] Sleep on—and Angels be thy Guard !—soft Slumber  
Has gently stole her from her Griefs awhile.  
Let none approach the Tent.—Are Out-guards plac'd  
On yonder Hills ?

[To an Officer.]

*i Off.* They are.

*Eum.* [striking his Breast.] Damascus ! O—————  
Still art thou here ?—Let me entreat you, Friends,  
To keep strict Order ; I have no Command,  
And can but now advise you.

*1 Cit.* You are still  
Our Head and Leader.

*2 Cit.* We resolve t'obey you.

*3 Cit.* We're all prepar'd to follow you.

*Eum.* I thank you.

The Sun will soon go down upon our Sorrows,  
And 'till to-morrow's Dawn this is our Home :  
Meantime, each, as he can, forget his Loss,  
And bear the present Lot.—

*Officer.* Sir, I have mark'd  
The Camp's Extent ; 'tis stretch'd quite thro' the Valley.  
I think that more than half the City's here.

58 *The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.*

*Eum.* The Prospect gives me much Relief. I'm pleas'd,  
My honest Countrymen, t' observe your Numbers ;  
And yet it fills my Eyes with Tears.—'Tis said  
The mighty Persian wept, when he survey'd  
His numerous Army, but to think 'em Mortal :  
Yet he then flourish'd in Prosperity.  
Alas ! What's that ?—Prosperity ? a Harlot  
That smiles but to betray ! O shining Ruin !  
Thou Nurse of Passions, and thou Bane of Virtue !  
O self-destroying Monster ! that art blind,  
Yet putt'st out Reason's Eyes, that still shou'd guide thee,  
Then plungest down some Precipice unseen,  
And art no more !—Hear me, all-gracious Heav'n !  
Let me wear out my small Remains of Life  
Obscure, content with humble Poverty,  
Or in Affliction's hard but wholesome School,  
If it must be—I'll learn to know myself,  
And that's more worth than Empire. But, O Heav'n,  
Curse me no more with proud Prosperity !  
It has undone me !—Herbis ; where, my Friend,  
Hast thou been this long Hour ?

*Enter Herbis.*

*Herb.* On yonder Summit,  
To take a farewell Prospect of *Damascus*.

*Eum.* And is it worth a Look ?

*Herb.* No—I've forgot it.

All our Possessions are a Grasp of Air ;  
We're cheated whilst we think we hold them fast,  
And when they're gone, we know that they were no-  
thing.

But I've a deeper Wound.

*Eum.* Poor good old Man !

'Tis true ;—thy Son—there thou'rt indeed unhappy.

*Enter Artamon.*

What, *Artamon* ?—art thou here too ?

*Art.* Yes, Sir.

I never boasted much of my Religion,  
Yet I've some Honour, and a Soldier's Pride ;  
I like not these new Lords.

*Eum.*

*Eum.* Thou'rt brave and honest.  
 Nay we'll not yet despair. A Time may come  
 When from these brute Barbarians we may wrest  
 Once more our pleasant Seats.—Alas! how soon  
 The Flatterer Hope is ready with his Song  
 To charm us to Forgetfulness!—No more—  
 Let that be left to Heav'n!—See, *Herbis*, see,  
 Methinks we've here a goodly City yet!  
 Was it not thus our great Forefathers liv'd,  
 In better times?—in humble Fields and Tents,  
 With all their Flocks and Herds, their moving Wealth!  
 See too! where our own *Pharpar* winds his Stream  
 Thro' the long Vale, as if to follow us,  
 And kindly offers his cool wholsome Draughts  
 To ease us in our March! Why this is Plenty.

*Enter Eudocia.*

*Eum.* My Daughter?—wherefore hast thou left thy  
 Tent?  
 What breaks so soon thy Rest?  
*Eud.* Rest is not there,  
 Or I have sought in vain, and cannot find it,  
 Oh no—we're Wanderers, it is our Doom;  
 There is no Rest for us.

*Eum.* Thou art not well.  
*Eud.* I wou'd, if possible, avoid my self.  
 I'm better now near you.  
*Eum.* Near me?—alas!  
 The tender Vine so wreaths its folded Arms  
 Around some falling Elm!—it wounds my Heart  
 To think thou follow'st but to share my Ruin.  
 I have lost all but thee.

*Eud.* O say not so.  
 You have lost nothing; No you have preserv'd  
 Immortal Wealth, your Faith inviolate  
 To Heav'n and to your Country. Have you not  
 Refus'd to joyn with prosp'rous wicked Men,  
 And hold from them a false inglorious Greatness?  
 Ruin is yonder, in *Damascus* now  
 The Seat abhor'd of cursed Infidels.  
 Infernal Error, like a Plague, has spread

Conta-

## 60 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

Contagion thro' its guilty Palaces,  
And we are fled from Death.

*Eum.* Heroick Maid !  
Thy Words are Balsam to my Griefs. *Eudocia,*  
I never knew thee till this Day ; I knew not  
How many Virtues I had wrong'd in thee.

*Eud.* If you talk thus, you have not yet forgiv'n me.  
*Eum.* Forgiv'n thee ? — why, for thee it is, thee only,  
I think Heav'n yet may look with Pity on us ;  
Yes, we must all forgive each other now,  
Poor *Herbis* too — we both have been to blame,  
*O Phocyas* — but it cannot be recall'd.  
Yet were he here, we'd ask him Pardon too.

My Child ! — I meant not to provoke thy Tears.

*Eud.* [ *Afide.* ] O why is he not here ? Why do I see  
Thousands of happy Wretches, that but seem  
Undone, yet still are blest in Innocence,  
And why was he not one ?

*Enter an Officer.*

*i Off.* Where is *Eumenes* ?

*Eum.* What means thy breathless Haste ?

*i Off.* I fear there's Danger ;  
For as I kept my Watch, I spy'd afar  
Thick Clouds of Dusk, and on a nearer View  
Perceiv'd a Body of *Arabian Horse*  
Moving this way. I saw them wind the Hill,  
And then lost Sight of 'em.

*Herb.* I saw 'em too,  
Where the Roads meet on t'other side these Hills,  
But took them for some Bands of Christian *Arabs*  
Crossing the Country. — This way did they move ?

*i Off.* With utmost Speed.

*Eum.* If they are Christian *Arabs*,  
They come as Friends ; if other, we're secure  
By the late Terms. Retire a while, *Eudocia*,  
Till I return. [ *Exit Eudocia.* ]  
I'll to the Guard my self.  
Soldier, lead on the way.

*Enter*

# The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 61

Enter another Officer.

2 Off. Arm, Arm ! we're ruin'd !  
The Foe is in the Camp.

Eum. So soon ?

2 Off. They've quitted  
Their Horses, and with Sword in Hand have forc'd  
Our Guard ; they say they come for Plunder.

Eum. Villains !

Sure Caled knows not of this Treachery.

Come on—we can fight still. We'll make 'em know  
What 'tis to urge the Wretched to Despair. [Exeunt.

[A noise of Fighting is heard for some time.

Enter Daran, with a Party of Saracen Soldiers.

Dar. Let the Fools fight at Distance.—Here's the  
Harvest ;

Reap, reap, my Countrymen !—Ay, there—first clear  
Those further Tents—

[Exeunt Soldiers bearing off Baggage, &c.  
Looking between the Tents.] What's here, a Woman ?

Fair

She seems, and well attir'd !—It shall be so,  
I'll strip her first, and then—

[Exit, and returns with Eudocia.

Eud. [Struggling.] Mercy ! O spare me !  
Help, save me !—What, no Help ?—Barbarian ! Mon-  
ster !

Heav'n hear my Cries.

Dar. Woman, thy Cries are vain.  
No Help is near.

Enter Phocyas.

Pbo. Villain, thou ly'st ! take that  
To loose thy Hold— [Pushing at him with his Spear.

Dar. What, thou ? my evil Spirit !  
Is't thou that haunt'st me still ?—but, thus I thank thee.

[Offering to strike with his Scimitar.

It will not be—Lightning for ever blast  
This Coward Arm that fails me !—O vile Syrian, Falls.  
I'm kill'd—O Curse—

Pbo. Die then ; thy Curses choak thee !—

Eudocia.

End.

*Eud.* Phocyas! — O Astonishment!

Then is it thus that Heav'n has heard my Pray'rs?  
I tremble still — and scarce have Power to ask thee  
How thou art here? or whence this sudden Outrage?

*Pho.* [walking aside.] The Blood ebbs back that fill'd  
my Heart, and now

Again her parting Farewel awes my Soul,  
As if 'twere Fate, and not to be revok'd.

Will she not now upbraid me, see thy Friends?  
Are these, are these the Villains thou hast trusted?

*Eud.* What means this murmur'd Sorrow to thyself?  
Is it in vain that thou hast rescu'd me  
From Savage Hands? — Say, what's th' approaching  
Danger?

*Pho.* Sure every Angel watches o'er thy Safety?  
Thou seest 'tis Death t' approach thee without Awe,  
And Barbarism itself cannot profane thee.

*Eud.* Thou dost not answer, whence are these Alarms?

*Pho.* Some Stores remov'd, and not allow'd by Treaty,  
Have drawn the Saracens to make a Search.  
Perhaps 'twill quickly be agreed — but Oh!  
Thou know'st, *Eudocia*, I'm a banish'd Man,  
And 'tis a Crime I'm here once more before thee,  
Else, might I speak, 'twere better for the present  
If thou wou'dst leave this Place.

*Eud.* No — I've a Father,  
(And shall I leave him?) whom we both have wrong'd,  
Or he had not been thus driv'n out, expos'd  
The humble Tenant of this shelt'ring Vale  
For one poor Night's Repose. — And yet, alas!  
For this last Act how wou'd I thank thee, *Phocyas*? —  
I've nothing now but Pray'rs and Tears to give,  
Cold fruitless Thanks. — But 'tis some Comfort yet  
That Fate allows this short Reprieve, that thus  
We may behold each other, and once more  
May mourn our Woes, e'er yet we part —

*Pho.* For ever! —  
• Tis then resolv'd — it was thy cruel Sentence,  
And I am here to execute that Doom.

*Eud.* What dost thou mean?

*Pho.*

The SIEGE of DAMASCUS. 63

Pbo. [kneeling.] Thus, at thy Feet——

Eud. O rise!

Pbo. Never——No, here I'll lay my Burden down;  
I've try'd its Weight, nor can support it longer.  
Take thy last Look; if yet thy Eyes can bear  
To look upon a Wretch accurst, cast off  
By Heav'n and thee——A little longer yet  
And I am mingled with my Kindred Dust,  
By thee forgotten and the World——

Eud. Forbear!

O cruel Man! Why wilt thou rack me thus?  
Didst thou not mark, thou didst, when last we parted,  
The Pangs, the Struggles of my suffering Soul?  
That nothing but the Hand of Heav'n it self  
Cou'd e'er divide me from thee? — Dost thou now  
Reproach me thus? Or canst thou have a Thought  
That I can e'er forget thee?

Pbo. (rising.) Have a Care!

I'll not be tortur'd more with thy false Pity.

No, I renounce it. See, I am prepar'd.

(Sheowing a Dagger.

Thy Cruelty is Mercy now——Farewel.

And Death is now but a Release from Torment.

Eud. Hold——Stay thee yet! — O Madness of Despair!  
And wou'dst thou die? Think, e'er thou leap the  
Gulph,  
When thou hast trod that dark, that unknown Way,  
Canst thou return? — What, if the Change prove  
worse,  
O think, if then——

Pbo. No——Thought's my deadliest Foe.  
'Tis lingring Racks and slow consuming Fires,  
And therefore to the Grave I'd fly to shun it.

Eud. O fatal Error! — Like a restless Ghost,  
It will pursue, and haunt thee still, ev'n there,  
Perhaps in Forms more frightful. — Death's a Name  
By which poor guessing Mortals are deceiv'd,  
'Tis no where to be found. Thou fly'st in vain  
From Life, to meet again with that thou fly'st;

How

64 The SIEGE of DAMASCUS.

How wilt thou curse thy Rashness then ? How start,  
And shudder, and shrink back ? Yet how avoid  
To put on thy new Being ?

Pbo. So—I thank thee !

For now I'm quite undone—I gave up all  
For thee before; but this ; this Bosom Friend,  
My last Reserve.—There—*(Throws away the Dagger.)*  
Tell me now, Eudocia,  
Cut off from Hope, deny'd the Food of Life,  
And yet forbid to die, what am I now ?  
Or what will Fate do with me ?

Eud. Oh—*(Turns away weeping.)*

Pbo. Thou weep'lt !  
Canst thou shad Tears, and yet not melt to Mercy ?  
O say, e'er yet returning Madness seize me,  
Is there in all Futurity no Prospect,  
No distant Comfort ? Not a glimmering Light  
To guide me thro' this Maze ? Or must I now  
Sit down in Darknels, and despair for ever ?

*(Here they both continue silent for some time.)*

Pbo. Still art thou silent ?—Speak, disclose my Doom,  
That's now suspended in this awful Moment !  
O speak—For now my Passions wait thy Voice ;  
My beating Heart grows calm, my Blood stands still,  
Scarcely I live, or only live to hear thee.

Eud. If yet—but can it be ?—I fear—O Phoebus,  
Let me be silent still !

Pbo. Hear then this last  
This only Pray'r !—Heav'n will consent to this.  
Let me but follow thee, where'er thou goest,  
But see thee, hear thy Voice ; be thou my Angel,  
To guide and govern my returning Steps,  
Till long Contrition and unwearied Duty  
Shall expiate my Guilt. Then say, Eudocia,  
If, like a Soul anneal'd in purging Fires,  
After whole Years thou seest me white again,  
When thou, even thou shalt think—

Eud. No more—This shakes  
My firmest Thoughts, and if—  
*(Here a Cry is heard of Persons slaughter'd in the Camp.)*—What

—What Shrieks of Death !

I fear the treacherous Foe — again ! and louder !

Then they've begun a fatal Harvest ! — Haste,

Prevent — O wou'dst thou see me more with Comfort,

Fly, save 'em, save the threaten'd Lives of Christians,

My Father and his Friends ! — I dare not stay —

Heav'n be my Guide to shun this gathering Ruin.

(Ex. Eudocia.

Manet Phocyas. Enter Caled.

Cal. (entering.) So — — — Slaughter do thy Work !

— These Hands look well. (*Looking on his Hands.*)

'The jovial Hunter, e'er he quit the Field,

First signs him in the Stag's warm vital Stream

With Stains like these, to shew 'twas gallant Sport.

Phocyas ! Thou'rt met ? — But whether thou art here

(Comes forward.

A Friend or Foe I know not ; if a Friend,

Which is *Eumenes'* Tent ?

Pho. Hold — — — pass no further.

Cal. Say'it thou, not pass ?

Pho. No — — — On thy Life no further.

Cal. What ! Dost thou frown too ? — — — sure, thou

know'st me not !

Pho. Not know thee ? — Yes, too well I know thee  
now,

O murd'rous Fiend ! why all this Waste of Blood ?

Didst thou not promise — — —

Cal. Promise ? — — — Insolence !

'Tis well, 'tis well — — — For now I know thee too.

Perfidious Mungrel Slave ! Thou double Traitor !

False to thy first and to thy latter Vows !

Villain ! — — —

Pho. That's well — Go on — I swear I thank thee,  
Speak it again, and strike it thro' my Ear !

A Villain ! — Yes, thou mad'it me so, thou Devil !

And mind'it me now what to demand from thee.

Give, give me back my former self, my Honour,

My Country's fair Esteem, my Friends, my All —

Thou canst not — O thou Robber ! — — — Give me then

Revenge, or Death ! — — — The last I well deserve,

That

That yielded up my Soul's best Wealth to thee,  
For which accurst be thou, and curse thy Prophet !

*Cal.* Hear'st thou this, *Mahomet* ? — Blaspheming  
Mouth !  
For this thou soon shalt chew the bitter Fruit  
Of *Zacon's* Tree, the Food of Fiends below.  
Go — speed thee thither —  
(Pushing at him with his Lance, which Phocyas put  
by, and kills him.)

*Pba.* Go thou first thyself.

*Cal.* (falling.) O Dog ! Thou gnaw'st my Heart !  
— False *Mahomet* !

Is this, is this then my Reward for — O — (Diss.)

(Exit Phocyas.)  
*Several Parties of Christians and Saracens* pass over  
the farther part of the Stage fighting. The former are  
beaten. At last Eumenes rallies them, and makes a  
Stand. Then enter Abudah attended.

*Abu.* Forbear, forbear, and sheath the bloody Sword !

*Eum.* Abudah ! Is this well ?

*Abu.* No — I must own  
You've Caus'd — O Mussulmen, look here, behold  
Where like a broken Spear your Arm of War  
Is thrown to Earth !

*Eum.* Ha ! Caled ?

*Abu.* Dumb and breathless.

Then thus has Heav'n chastis'd us in thy Fall,  
And thee for violated Faith ; farewell,  
Thou great but cruel Man !

*Eum.* His Thirst of Blood  
In his own Blood is quench'd.

*Abu.* Bear hence his Clay  
Back to *Damascus*. Cast a Mantle first  
O'er this sad Sight ; so shou'd we hide his Faults.—  
Now hear, ye Servants of the Prophet, hear !  
A greater Death than this demands your Tears,  
For know, your Lord the Caliph is no more !  
Good *Abubeker* has breath'd out his Spirit  
To him that gave it. Yet your Caliph lives,  
Lives now in *Omar*. See, behold his Signet,

Appointing

Appointing me, such is his Will, to lead  
His faithful Armies warring here in Syria.  
Alas! — Foreknowledge sure of this Event  
Guided his Choice! — obey me then your Chief.  
For you, O Christians! knew, with Speed I came,  
On the first Notice of this foul Design,  
Or to prevent it, or repair your Wrongs.  
Your Goods shall be uptouch'd, your Persons safe,  
Nor shall our Troops henceforth, on Pain of Death,  
Molest your March.—If more you ask, 'tis granted.

Eum. Still just and brave! Thy Virtues wou'd adorn  
A purer Faith! Thou better than thy Sect,  
That dar'st decline from that to Acts of Mercy!  
Pardon, Abudab, if thy honest Heart  
Makes us ev'n with thee ours.

Abu. (Aside.) O Power Supreme,  
That mad'st my Heart, and know'st its inmost Frame!  
If yet I err, O lead me into Truth,  
Or pardon unknown Error! — Now, Eumenes,  
Friends as we may be, let us part in Peace.

(Exeunt severally.)

Enter Eudocia and Artamon.

Eud. Alas! but is my Father safe?

Art. Heav'n knows.

I left him just preparing to engage;  
When doubtful of th' Event he bade me haste  
To warn his dearest Daughter of the Danger,  
And aid your speedy Flight.

Eud. My Flight? But whither?  
O no—if he is lost—

Art. I hope, not so.

The Noise is ceas'd. Perhaps they're beaten off.  
We soon shall know;—here's one that can inform us.

Enter first Officer.

Soldier, thy Looks speak well. What says thy Tongue?  
Off. The Foe's withdrawn; Abudab has been here,  
And has renew'd the Terms. Caled is kill'd—

Art. Hold—first, thank Heav'n for that!

Eud. Where is Eumenes?

Off. I left him well; By his Command I came

To

To search you out, and let you know this News.  
I've more ; but that —

*Art.* Is bad, perhaps ; so says  
This sudden Pause. Well, be it so ; let's know it.  
'Tis but Life's chequer'd Lot.

*I Off.* *Eumenes* mourns  
A Friend's unhappy Fall ; *Herbis* is slain ;  
A settled Gloom seem'd to hang heavy on him,  
Th' Effect of Grief, 'tis thought, for his lost Son.  
When on the first Attack, like one that sought  
The welcome Means of Death, with desperate Valour  
He press'd the Foe, and met the Fate he wish'd.

*Art.* See where *Eumenes* comes ! — What's this ?  
he seems

To lead some wounded Friend — Alas ! 'tis —

(They withdraw to one Side of the Stage.  
*Euter Eumenes leading in Phocyas with an Arrow in  
his Breast.*

*Eum.* Give me thy Wound ! O I cou'd bear it for thee.  
This Goodness melts my Heart. What, in a Moment  
Forgetting all thy Wrongs, in kind Embraces  
T'exchange Forgiveness thus !

*Pho.* Moments are few  
And must not now be wasted. O *Eumenes*,  
Lend me thy helping Hand a little farther ;  
O wheres where is she ? (They advance.)

*Eum.* Look, look here, *Eudocia* !  
Behold a Sight that calls for all our Tears,

*Eud.* *Phocyas*, and wounded ! — O what cruel Hand —

*Pho.* No, 'twas a kind one — Spare thy Tears, *Eudocia* !

For mine are Tears of Joy —

*Eud.* Is't possible ?

*Pho.* 'Tis done — the Pow'r supreme have  
heard my Pray'r,

And prosper'd me with some fair Deeds this Day.  
I've fought once more, and for my Friends, my Coun-  
try.

By me the treacherous Chiefs are slain ; awhile  
I stopp'd the Foe, 'till, warn'd by me before

Of this their sudden March, *Abudah* came,  
But first this Random Shaft had reach'd my Breast.  
Life's mingled Scene is o'er——'tis thus that Heav'n  
At once chastises and I hope accepts me;  
And now I wake as from the Sleep of Death.

*Eud.* What shall I say to thee, to give thee Comfort?

*Pbo.* Say only thou forgiv'st me.——O *Eudocia*!

No longer now my dazzled Eyes behold thee  
'Thro' Passion's Mists; my Soul now gazes on thee,  
And sees thee lovelier in unfading Charms,  
Bright as the shining Angel Host that stood!

Whilst I——but there, it smarts

*Eud.* Look down, look down,  
Ye pitying Pow'rs! and heal his pious Sorrow!

*Eum.* 'Tis not too late, we hope, to give thee help.  
See! yonder is my Tent. We'll lead thee thither.  
Come, enter there, and let thy Wound be dress'd.  
Perhaps it is not mortal.

*Pbo.* No? not mortal?

No Flattery now. By all my hopes hereafter,  
For the World's Empire I'd not lose this Death!  
Alas! I but keep in my fleeting Breath  
A few short Moments, till I have conjur'd you  
That to the World you witness my Remorse  
For my past Errors, and defend my Fame.  
For know——soon as this pointed Steel's drawn out  
Life follows thro' the Wound.

*Eud.* What dost thou say?

O touch not yet the broken Springs of Life!  
A thousand tender Thoughts rise in my Soul.  
How shall I give them Words? O, till this Hour  
I scarce have tasted Woe!——this is indeed  
To part——but Oh——

*Pbo.* No more——Death now is painful!  
But say, my Friends, whilst I have Breath to ask,  
(For still methinks all your Concerns are mine)  
Whither have you design'd to bend your Journey?

*Eum.* Constantinople is my last Retreat,  
If Heav'n indulge my Wish; there I've resolv'd

70 *The Siege of Damascus*

To wear out the dark Winter of my Life,  
An old Man's Stock of Days, I hope not many.

*End.* There will I dedicate my self to Heav'n.  
*O Phocyas,* for thy Sake, no Rival else  
Shall e'er possess my Heart. My Father too  
Consents to this my Vow. My vital Flame  
There, like a Taper on the holy Altar,  
Shall waste away; till Heav'n relenting hear  
Incessant Pray'rs for thee and for my self,  
And wing my Soul to meet with thine in Bliss.  
For in that Thought I find a sudden hope,  
As if inspir'd, springs in my Breast, and tells me  
That thy repenting Frailty is forgiven.  
And we shall meet again, to part no more.

*Pbo.* (*Plucking out the Arrow.*) Then all is done—  
"twas the last Pang—at length

I've given up thee, and the World now is—nothing.

*Eum.* Alas! he falls. Help, Artamon, support him.  
Look, how he bleeds! Let's lay him gently down:  
Night gathers fast upon him—So—look up,  
Or speak, if thou hast Life—Nay then—my Daughter!

She faints—help there, and bear her to her Tent.

(*Eudocia is carry'd off.*)

*Art.* (*Weeping, aside.*) I thank ye, Eyes! This is  
but decent Tribute.

My Heart was full before.

*Eum.* O Phocyas, Phocyas!  
Alas! he hears not how, nor sees my sorrows!  
Yet will I mourn for thee, thou gallant Youth!  
As for a Son—so let me call thee now!  
A much-wrong'd Friend! and an unhappy Hero!  
A fruitless Zeal, yet all I now can shew!  
Tears vainly flow for Errors learn'd too late,  
When timely Caution should prevent our Fate.

E P I.

